Next Month

and later

LIFE AFTER DEATH

Denis Conan Doyle

The son of the famous spiritualist and author gives his personal testimonial to the existence of a spirit world and to the possibility of communication between that world and this.

DISEASES OF DARKNESS

Thomas J. Kirwin

From a black shroud of medieval ignorance fostered by social taboos the twin scourges of syphilis and gonorrhea are being dragged forth to their doom. Knowledge, widely disseminated, proper medical training and equipment, and hard work have largely rid the earth of plagues that must have seemed inevitable as death to our forebears. They can, and will, rid us also of venereal disease.

CHINA UNCONQUERABLE

Madame Sun Yat-sen

In the course of the long-drawn-out trial of strength between Japan and China, it has often seemed that, if China were ever to emerge the victor, it would be by assimilation. Her sprawling bulk appeared incapable of delivering any decisive thrust, though carrying the threat of eventually making the Japanese Chinese. And yet, as Madame Sun, widow of the late famed Chinese patriot and leader, points out, China has resources that Japan can never hope to match. If ever a reborn and unified Chinese nationalism finds the means of mobilizing them efficiently, heaven help Japan!

OTHER FEATURES

An article on Stanley Baldwin's remarkable career in British politics, which is expected to be terminated this summer, by Robert Bernays; "College Women Face a New Century," by Mildred H. McAfee, President of Wellesley College; "The Demon of Debt," by Richard Dana Skinner; "Medicine's Red Horizon," by Bertram B. Fowler; "My Half-Million Dollars," by an anonymous gentleman who plans to leave a fund, at his death, to establish a connecting link between childless homes and homeless children.

F O R U M

and Century

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

JUNE 1937

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THE BOOK FORUM

HOW TO TRAVEL WITHOUT BEING RICH — William M. Strong (Doubleday, Doran, $1.50).

BREAD AND WINE — Ignazio Silone (Harper, $2.50).

MARCONI, THE MAN AND HIS WIRELESS — Orrin E. Dunlap, Jr. (Macmillan, $3.50).

THREE COMRADES — Erich Maria Remarque (Little, Brown, $2.75).

THE WOODROW WILSONS — Eleanor Wilson McAdoo (Macmillan, $3.50).

SOCIAL AND CULTURAL DYNAMICS, 3 vols. — Pitirim A. Sorokin (American Book, $15.00, $6.00 per vol.).

THIS time of year the snap and rattle of thousands of luggage locks mark an important American anniversary. Our restless continent is on the move again. Everybody has the fever, and the whole world lies at the other end of the gangplank. Even the stay-at-homes whose taxable income is miniscule are looking wistfully at Mexico, Alaska, Newfoundland. To disturb their planless peace now comes William M. Strong, offering bona fide travel, putting his foot in their library door with *How to Travel Without Being Rich.*

You can get there and back, it seems, for no more money and time than you have to spare. Timbuctoo and Tibet are not places the practical Mr. Strong recommends to the vacationer with two weeks only. But there are nearby countries where living is cheap. He extolls third-class accommodations and tramp steamers. He tells where to get free information on cheap travel and generally endears himself to an army of potential adventurers. Gay, footloose paupers the world over should offer him thanks every time they see their more foolish compatriots tipping good money after bad.

LIBERTY isn't a thing you are given as a present. You can be free even under a dictatorship. He who thinks with his own head is a free man." This is the motif and motivation of *Bread and Wine,* Ignazio Silone's new novel about the forgotten men of Italy — the peasants whose restless desire for liberty he so passionately shares.

The story itself is that of Pietro Spina, a revolutionary come back from exile, determined to make the peasants of his hill province think with their own heads. In the disguise of a priest, Spina moves among the land-hungry, superstitious mountain folk, searching for an ally — and for an idiom in which his forbidden message of hope can be understood. He finds it in the language of parables and he finds as well an answer to the troubled questioning of many who are neither hungry nor uninformed.

Bread and Wine is itself a grand, resounding parable. Like all those who write knowingly of simple people, Silone captures their cosmic humor, their biting wisdom that has so curious a charm. Here is the voice of Italy's Sinclair Lewis, repeating more subtly, more poetically — "It *has* happened here."

AGAINST the same Italian backdrop another and very different drama is acted out. It is a tale of high birth, great achievement, great wealth; and it ends with the hero high in the councils of the Fascist state so distrusted by Silone's peasants. Moreover, the second story is as true in fact as *Bread and Wine* is arresting in fiction.

Near Bologna in the fall of 1894, a twenty-year-old youth summoned his parents to the top floor of the house. The boy pressed a button, and far below a bell buzzed, although there were no wires from button to bell. This was the first wireless communication, and its creator was Gugliemo Marconi.

Aided by his father's support, Marconi steadily developed his gadgets and in two years could send and receive up to 400 meters. Not very far, said skeptics, but England, with her desperate need of communications, gave him encouragement. Before long, messages were crackling back and forth across the Channel. Creeping out to sea, the sparks soon guided ships in mid-ocean. Then radio — and now television.

How a shy but cosmopolitan youth snatched success out of the ether is the story Orrin E. Dunlap, Jr., tells in *Marconi, the Man and His Wireless.* A practical radio engineer and operator, Dunlap is also a trained journalist. He wisely extends his chronicle beyond Marconi's adventures in technique, with due attention to weddings, legal battles, celebrities, politics, and personal peculiarities. He tells of the abnormally acute hearing that sped up Marconi's experiments with sound; of his stoical loss of an eye; of his beautiful floating laboratory, the yacht *Elettra.*

LIFE — living for its own bittersweet sake — is the abounding grace of Erich Maria Remarque's *Three Comrades,* the story of a trio of gallant German lads who work, carouse, skirmish, and love their way through the year 1928. The War and the terrible days of inflation have written *memento mori* across their world; nothing but the present seems sure or desirable. Cautiously, then, they have built up their faith in each other, in their funny old racing car named Karl, and finally in the girl Patricia, who loves the youngest of the comrades. Through the sheer intensity of friendship these four succeed, for a short interlude of happiness, in walling out ugly reality.

Only rarely does this charming, if hectic, story give any hint that its author once wrote *All Quiet on the Western Front.* The bitterness and intensity of the earlier book have given way to compassion. *Three Comrades* is a skilled and exciting piece of storytelling, written not out of anguish for the dead but out of tenderness for the living.

WOODROW Wilson considered it an impertinence for young men to call on the phone and ask if his daughters were at home. He held that admirers should take the trouble to walk over and ask at the door "like gentlemen." Accordingly, whenever he intercepted such a telephone inquiry, his brusque answer was, "Come and find out." The girls objected, but knew they might just as well count that beau lost. However, to judge from Eleanor Wilson McAdoo's intimate record. *The Woodrow Wilsons,* no unpleasant consequences, no lasting resentments grew out of these parlor skirmishes between impetuous youth and orthodox middle age.

Wilson in his bedroom slippers — a portrait which few ever got close enough to attempt — is skillfully achieved in her frank book. Out of a wealth of homely detail emerges a man a little distant even to his daughters but nevertheless loved. Eleanor makes sly jokes at the expense of the clan and gives warm descriptions of family tenderness. Such interests alternate with anecdotes whose roots are in the outer political world. More and more the quiet, scholarly home is invaded by men of the market place. The tempo of life speeds up as the daughters mature and the father skyrockets toward the presidency. With the picture of love in the White House and her marriage to William McAdoo, the author's account virtually ends. For the fireside story of Wilson and his cabinet during the crucial war years we shall have to wait for another volume. What has already been told makes us jealous of the wealth of material we hope is still to come.

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The Book Forum

In reviewing briefly Professor Pitirim A. Sorokin's immense, informing, and stimulating work, *Social and Cultural Dynamics*, one should perhaps begin by telling what it is not. It deals comprehensively with the movement of civilization in the last 2,500 years but it does not deal with that movement as did H. G. Wells's world history — as a serial story about a treasure hunt for scientific invention and organization — or as did Oswald Spengler's *Decline of the West* — as a tragic unfolding of cycles of growth and catastrophe. Drama and romance are not among the stock in trade of this latest writer on cultural history. His line is exposition. He is an investigator and an instructor, solidly prepared and impressive in delivery. When we get through the three volumes (a fourth and final one is promised), we feel that we have been through an elaborate college course, a course that has given us a new frame of reference for our judgments on culture and the course of history.

What Professor Sorokin undertakes to do is to establish data by which we can estimate the movement of history and the bias of culture in either of two directions, the Ideational or the Sensate. By an Ideational civilization Professor Sorokin means a civilization based on some universally accepted spiritual idea, and by a Sensate civilization he means one based on what our senses give us. The first is religious and refers everything to an eternal Being; the second is secular, and is concerned with the constant Becoming. Both of these systems are valid; neither has more or less truth than the other; but in an Ideational civilization a Sensate man is looked on as one given over to illusion, a heretic, a blasphemer; and in a Sensate civilization an Ideational man is regarded as superstitious and backward-looking. Whichever type happens to dominate in a civilization conditions it to its particular kind of mentality.

But of course the ideas blend. In an Ideational Civilization there are men who combine faith in eternal Being with experience in the fluctuating world — Plato, Saint Thomas Aquinas, the philosophers of Islam; and in a Sensate civilization there are men who try to give some center of permanency to the endless Becoming. The system that combines the two Professor Sorokin names the Idealistic. He takes the Idealistic position so as to be able to criticize both the Sensate and the Ideational systems.

Since the thirteenth century our civilization has been growing more and more Sensate. Turning from religion, it becomes more and more scientific, more and more inventive, more and more dynamic and expansive. Professor Sorokin shows that the Sensate civilization is moving steadily toward its own doom. Its expansiveness, dynamism, heads us toward more and more unscrupulousness, bad faith, violence, destructiveness. When he broke up the familial organization of the Middle Ages, Sensate man substituted a relation of contract. Now the contractual relation has broken down, and no attention is longer paid to treaties and agreements. Hopefully we think that this is a passing phase and that some day soon rationality and good feeling will reassert themselves in social and political relationships. But Professor Sorokin shows us that these continual crises are contained in the very dynamism of Sensate civilization.

But *Social and Cultural Dynamics* is more than another apocalyptic book. I should describe it as a book like *The Spirit of Laws*. Montesquieu, in the narrow world of the eighteenth century and with scanty knowledge of civilizations other than the European and the classical, tried to show the trends of civilization and to make people conscious of the fact that men's mentalities were conditioned by the systems they lived in. With incomparably greater scope, with incomparably greater knowledge, Sorokin does a like work of enlightenment for our epoch. His theory may be regarded as a frame that holds together a series of immensely fruitful inquiries into culture and society.

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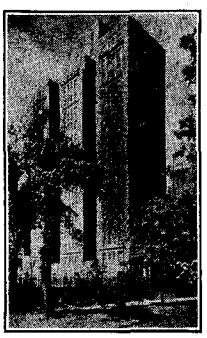

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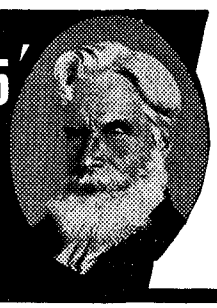

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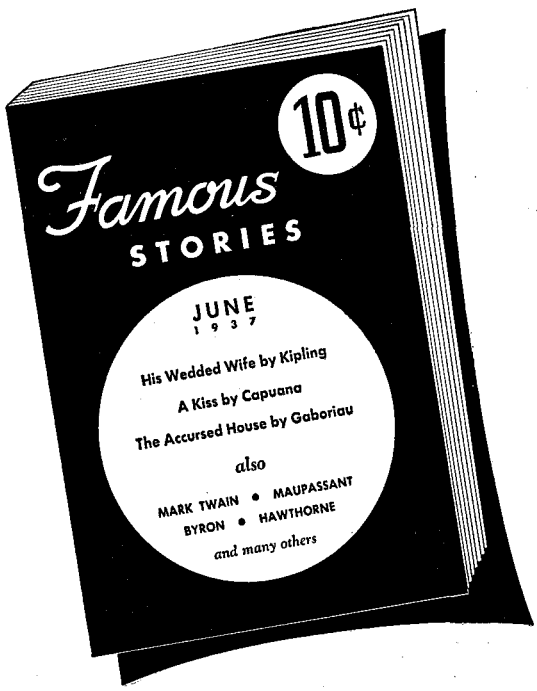

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Our Rostrum

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in THE FORUM. *Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.*

PETER WHIFFIN

The letters published herewith are, as far as possible, a cross section of the comments THE FORUM *has received on Peter Whiffin's article, "A Priest Warns the Church," from our April issue. Illiterate and libelous communications are, of course, disregarded. In addition, it is impossible to print a few unusually interesting letters, supporting Peter Whiffin in whole or in part, written by members of the Roman Catholic clergy.*

In view of the material published elsewhere in this issue, it is unnecessary to answer here the question so persistently asked by many correspondents — "Is Peter Whiffin really a Roman Catholic priest?" Numerous readers have also called our attention to an issue of Our Sunday Visitor *in which Peter Whiffin is called an "ex-priest."* THE FORUM *requested* Our Sunday Visitor *to correct this misstatement and received a reply which said in part, "If it can be shown that we are mistaken in so identifying your contributor, we shall, of course, be happy to retract this statement." In view of subsequent developments,* THE FORUM *expects the retraction to be made by the* Visitor *at an early date.*

To the Editor:

My general criticism of this article is that it includes a considerable amount of exaggeration. In the main, this exaggeration takes the form of assertions or implications to the effect that the discreditable practices and attitudes described in the article are typical, that they are fairly general throughout the country. I have never seen any adequate evidence for this assumption. Let me discuss briefly one illustration of this exaggeration. I select it because I know more about it than I do about any of the other statements in the article.

The author declares that, after some of the political enemies of Mr. Roosevelt had decided to make the attempt to turn the Catholic masses against the President by getting the priests to believe that Roosevelt was a communist sympathizer, "special sermons were preached in all the churches, directly against communism and indirectly, in most cases, against Roosevelt." What does he mean by "all the churches"? The implication is that this program was executed throughout the country. He goes on to say that boys and girls in the Catholic schools told their parents how the priests and nuns were against Roosevelt. Again, I ask, does the author mean that this happened in all or the majority of Catholic schools? I think that he himself suggests the answer in the

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Our Rostrum

sentence where he describes one college in Brooklyn in which fourteen of the sixteen Democratic priests turned against the President. I happen to know from other sources that the nuns in some of the Brooklyn schools were openly anti-Roosevelt. I infer that this preaching against Roosevelt in the churches took place mainly in the city of Brooklyn and I find the explanation mainly in the diatribes by those two Roosevelt haters, the Reverend Edward Lodge Curran, of the International Catholic Truth Society, and Pat Scanlan, Managing Editor of the Brooklyn *Tablet*. I think it is simply ridiculous to say that the political enemies of the President succeeded "in making priests as a class believe that Roosevelt was a communist sympathizer and did win the priests to Landon." Against this sweeping and unsupported judgment, I cite another educational institution, in which, of the 30 priest professors whom I happen to know best, at least 25 were for Roosevelt, and I mention the two or three convents in which nuns volunteered the statement that they were praying for the success of the President in the election. Speaking of the general situation, my guess is that 75 per cent of the priests voted for Roosevelt and that at least 70 per cent of the nuns did likewise. An article that exhibits this amount of reckless statements and implications in the field of politics may quite probably be vitiated by a great amount of exaggeration with regard to the other matters which the author discusses.

JOHN A. RYAN
National Catholic Welfare Conference
Department of Social Action
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor:

Peter Whiffin . . . credits me with a statement that I have never made, and that I never would make. ["Communism is coming up from the depths. And God from above has deputed us Catholics to fight it." — Ed.] I am surprised that Peter Whiffin, knowing my opinions, should have ever supposed that I would be responsible for such a statement. As he has misrepresented me, so has he misrepresented his brother priests. He has assumed that the 20,000 priests in the United States are of the caliber of a few priests whom he has singled out for attack.

FRANCIS X. TALBOT, S. J.
Editor of America
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

. . . HAVING KNOWN MANY THOUSANDS OF OUR PRIESTS IN ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY I CAN ONLY FEEL THAT THE WRITER IS EITHER VERY IGNORANT OF FACTS OR GENERALIZES FROM COMPARATIVELY FEW INSTANCES STOP HE IS MOST UNFAIR TO A NOBLE BODY OF MEN WHO ARE ALL IN ALL TRULY GENUINE SELF SACRIFICING AND READY FOR EVERY EMERGENCY TO HELP THEIR FELLOW MEN — ARCHBISHOP [JOHN T.] McNICHOLAS
Cincinnati, O.

To the Editor:

Yes, I am a Catholic who increased your circulation by buying THE FORUM to read Peter Whiffin. I could say much on all sides of this thesis. One point, not touched on by him, I beg to present to your readers — the forgotten good priests, of whom I have known many.

They all possess "the soul of the priesthood, which is charity" in a very high degree. And, what is more, they give us an example of Christ-like behavior to lift up our hearts in difficult times. From my contact with priests there has grown up in me a concept of what a priest is, a person whose spiritual interior life is so intense that, when I meet him, I feel that I talk to a man whose attitude somehow makes me aware of the presence of God. He hears my troubles and puzzles and gives me advice which bears within itself the stamp of impartiality and charity and justice — as it should, coming from a mind attuned to God.

Materially he has helped me when I have needed it. And whenever I have brought to his attention anyone in need, he has helped, not just by handing out cash but by helping to rehabilitate the person. Some of these priests have silent and unknown helpers — one to get a suit of clothes, one to hunt a job, one to drive a lame girl to her work and back every day, one to hunt for a cheap, decent room for a girl without time for room hunting, one to help out a harassed mother.

And why do all these people help the priest to serve the people? Because they sense in him, as I do, holiness and goodness and charity and selflessness.

. . . . . .

KATHERINE DELMONICO BYLES
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

. . . The article in this issue by Peter Whiffin should be in the hands of all the Catholic clergy. It is so forceful that it seems as though it were written by a Savonarola.

L. M. HICKEY
Newark, O.

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

I have met priests in the hovel, beside the sickbed, in the school, church, and university, and as prison chaplains. I

(*Continued on page XII*)

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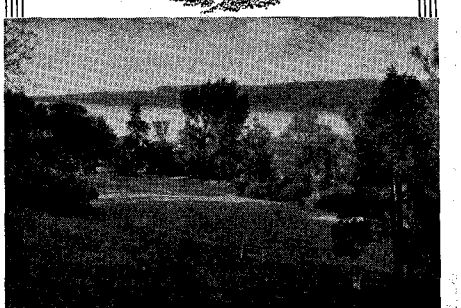

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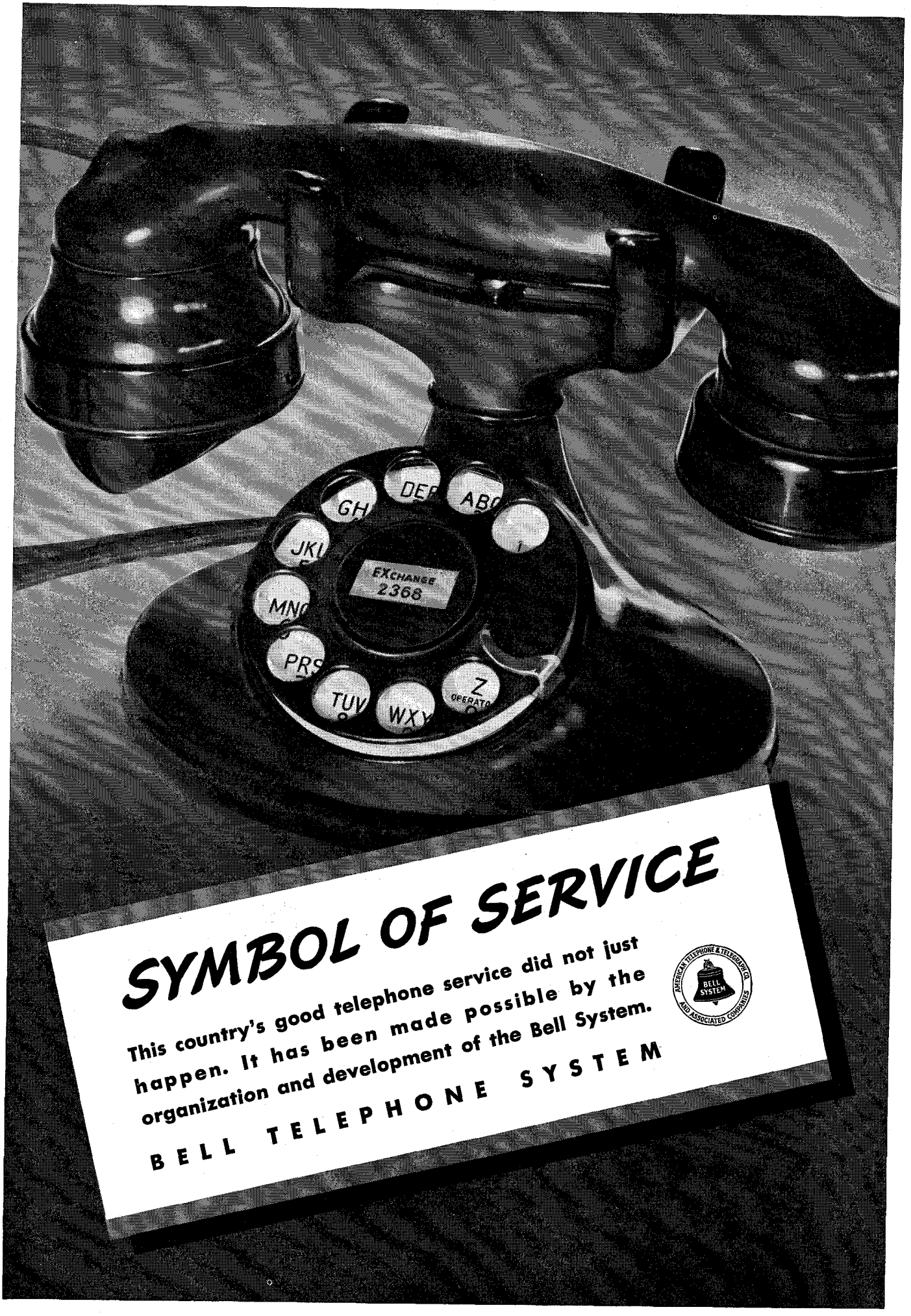
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F O R U M

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JUNE, 1937 VOL. XCVII, NO. 6

The Supreme Court

Editorial Foreword

TO THE PROPOSAL, advanced at various times of intense party passion, that the Court should be increased in number in order to overcome a temporary majority for or against some particular piece of legislation, the good sense of the American people has always given a decided disapproval."

These words of Charles Warren, in 1922, quoted from his monumental work *The Supreme Court in United States History*, seem a prophecy of the chorus of objection raised against President Roosevelt's plan to reform the federal judiciary in so far as he proposes to increase the membership of the Supreme Court.

In general the same type of deliberate mind — such as the college president — who protested the unfortunate tariff act of 1930 now deplores the proposal to enlarge the Supreme Court.

Whatever we think of the proposal to expand the Court, one thing is clear, that American citizens are still capable of sustained thinking when they take an active interest in public matters so far removed from the kitchen sink as the involved meditations of our Supreme Court. The whole discussion precipitated by the President is reassuring of a relatively high order of public intelligence.

In a nutshell the problem is this: The language and thought of the eighteenth century in which the Constitution is written are outmoded by twentieth-century conditions. Can, say, fifteen men interpret this profound document more accurately than, say, three wise men? Can younger men arrive at a fairer interpretation than experienced old men? The measured answer seems to be: temporarily, yes; in the long run, no.

AMENDMENT?

THE PRESIDENT'S motives are obvious and sincere. He proposes a practical short cut to obtain the sanction of the Supreme Court for a large body of social and economic reform legislature, the enactment of which was implicit in the popular landslide of 1936. He believes that the process of amending the Constitution so that approval can be obtained regardless of the ages or predilection of the justiciary is too complicated to be done in time.

In this the President underestimates his power. The fact that he has failed to influence the necessary number of States to pass the old, moribund child-labor amendment, does not mean that he could not within a few weeks produce constitutional conventions in the various States to pass such fresh amendments as are now needed to bring the Constitution abreast of the reasoned will of the people. The Ten Commandments may be sovereign to Judaism,

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but neither the Constitution nor the Supreme Court which interprets it will ever be more than the emanation of the collective as well as the traditional will of the American people.

Some lawyer critics of the President claim that wiser laws framed by wiser lawyers could circumvent the technical obsolescence of the Supreme Court. Some lawyers not consulted by the New Deal assert that enthusiastic but inexperienced young Harvard lawyers and loosely constructed laws were responsible for the dethronement of the NRA and the AAA. However, the President and the Congress believe that they have consulted a cross section of the most brilliant law-framing brains of the nation. They can bear witness, also, to the failure of two attempts of Congress, despite brilliant legal aid, to frame child-labor laws that would pass the profound negation of our Elder Statesmen.

A change in the personnel of the Supreme Court is but a temporary expedient so long as the Constitution is so vague about present conditions that it can be interpreted or misinterpreted five to four by any group of intelligent lawyers, no matter what their age or number.

As to the matter of age, definite retirement should be defined by law. But why make it less than 75 years? White hairs are a symbol of the stability of American tradition much as the elder statesmen embody the historical unity of Japan. Whenever the Japanese are distraught by the rapidity of their adaptation to the modern world they take their acute problems to the elder statesmen, who translate for them the wisdom of 2,000 years ago, with which they are in daily calm communion.

Obviously there is a crying need for Constitutional amendment. The framers of the Constitution approached the public good from the point of view of the separate States; they were trying to find a way in which the discordant states could function in harmony. Today the emphasis is changed. State lines mean less and less in our fluid society. The federal authority is called on to serve the States and all the people moving from State to State more than the States are asked to serve the federal authority. Whatever the outcome of the immediate Supreme Court controversy, we must in due time have amendment. The Constitution must be made to express the calm and considered will of the people. Its present phraseology — often antiquated, often obscure, and often altogether silent and left to the philosophy of the justice — must be made so clear that not only an octogenarian but a child of eight can read its intent correctly. And the way of amendment is not through legislatures dominated by special interests but through constitutional conventions in the several States.

If it can be done calmly, with staid conservatives present as well as the prophets of youth, it is not altogether out of the realm of wisdom to consider not merely adding new amendments but rewriting and simplifying the whole Constitution in terms of today's experience. A national constitutional convention could codify a new document, omitting defunct amendments, for an industrial as well as a rural and maritime civilization: *The Constitution of the United States, Sesquicentennial Edition.*

Eventually when better laws and better amendments are made and more imaginative men sit on the supreme bench, a machinery should be set up to determine the probable constitutionality of laws two years earlier than today, yes, even before they are enacted. This could be done by the creation of a well-staffed auxiliary federal court of research, to which proposed laws in their final stages would be turned over for examination and report.

In those more rational times, also, we will have on the supreme bench not lawyers alone, however learned, but also a few men of affairs, an impartial ex-captain of industry, if such can be found, and a veteran graduate of labor.

Relic of Monarchy

The importance of our Supreme Court in American history has been somewhat exaggerated. A supreme court is not an altogether compatible function of democracy. It is an anchor into the past of traditional monarchy. Great Britain muddles along without a supreme court, even without a constitution, but she does have a crown. We will in future, of course, continue to keep our Supreme Court, if only on sentimental grounds, but we will clarify our Constitution and bring it up to date so that reforms vital to the progress of a vigorous nation cannot be stifled by the rigidity of mental obsolescence in high places.

Henry Goddard Leach

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The Church Warns Her Priests

A Reply to Peter Whiffin

by **MICHAEL WILLIAMS**

WHAT SEEMS to be an appropriate prelude to what I have to say about Peter Whiffin and his article in the April FORUM, "A Priest Warns the Church," was supplied by a conversation I happened to have tonight with a Catholic priest. And now, as I sit down to put together thoughts suggested by Peter Whiffin's tirade against the Catholic Church and his 20,000 fellow priests and the bishops and cardinals, I am thinking more about the priest whom I have just left and the business he had in hand than I am about Peter Whiffin. For he threw a revealing light on the dark picture of the Catholic Church drawn by Peter Whiffin.

My host had warned me in advance that he must leave me after dinner to go to a hospital to visit a sick friend. When I arrived, he informed me that his friend had taken a turn for the worse and that what he had meant merely as a friendly visit must now be a part of his priestly duty — to prepare his friend for death. And then I heard the story, which I shall condense.

The priest's friend had formerly been his employee, a kind of general factotum. They had met one cold, rainy day when he called at the priest's house to try to sell the latter a subscription for a magazine published by a religious organization but not connected with the Catholic Church. Something about the canvasser, whose condition betokened abject poverty, illness, and a sullen mood sinking toward despair, led the priest to question him. His name, he said, was "O'Grady."

"And what in the world is a man named O'Grady doing selling a Protestant magazine?" asked the priest.

"It's my living, Father — such as it is — given to me by the only people who showed me any friendship," was the reply.

"But how did it happen that you did not first go to your own priest?"

It appeared that for several years O'Grady had not been practicing his religion. He gave no particular reasons for dropping it; apparently there were many causes (one of them drink), into which O'Grady did not enter.

In publishing the accompanying article and the statement on pages X and XI of the advertising section, THE FORUM *feels that certain facts should be made clear.*

Peter Whiffin's April article came to THE FORUM *unsolicited. Before publication, its authenticity was established. The author's pseudonym was not new; he had used it in writing for Catholic publications. He at first declined remuneration for the article but finally accepted a moderate fee.*

In the April 24 issue of America, *Peter Whiffin reaffirmed, in a letter, the stand he took in his* FORUM *article. Since that time he has apparently altered his views.*

The paid advertisement entitled "Peter Whiffin Tells the Whole Truth" is sponsored by some friends of the author. THE FORUM *has had no word concerning it from Peter Whiffin.*

With these facts set forth, THE FORUM *accepts that statement as closing the subject.*

(Comments from readers on page VI)

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The upshot of the encounter was that O'Grady entered the employ of the priest and in due time returned to the practice of his faith. He apparently was fully satisfied in his new environment, except that from time to time there would be a lapse into drinking, always accompanied by eccentric and sometimes violent manifestations.

These outbursts were borne with patience by the priest until one night when his guest of honor at a small dinner party happened to be John McCormack. For days before the party O'Grady was excited. "Only five days now, Father!" he would say. "That I should live to see such a day, and myself waiting upon the great singer of Ireland!"

When O'Grady made his first appearance, bearing the soup, he solemnly genuflected to John McCormack and dropped the soup tureen. Then he threw a fit on the floor, amid heavy alcoholic fumes, and before he was through the dining room was wrecked.

O'Grady had to pack up and leave, and the priest heard nothing of him for over two years. Then one day he was called by a doctor on the staff of a city hospital, who had found in one of the charity wards a derelict whose case was desperate. It was diagnosed as tumor of the brain. The outcast said he had no relatives, friends, or acquaintances in the city except one man, whose name he would not mention, for he declared he was ashamed to do so — having abused that friend's hospitality and betrayed a trust reposed in him. Finally, however, the doctor got the name of the priest, and the latter engaged nurses and a surgeon for the operation.

"It shows how we make many of our mistakes," the priest confessed to me. "It was the tumor in the poor fellow's head that really brought on his explosions of eccentricity, not the drink. Probably he only took the drink when pains bothered him, and I daresay that many other poor souls are blamed for things for which they are not morally responsible. After the operation, it seemed that O'Grady was picking up strength. But, just before you arrived, the hospital telephoned, to say he had been put on the critical list; and every priest knows that when a Catholic goes on that list it is time for him to receive the last sacraments."

Whether this is the end of O'Grady I cannot say, for, even as I write, my friend the priest is anointing O'Grady's body, touching with the sacred oils the channels of the five senses by which we mortals know ourselves to be living beings and which, together with that which Christians believe we also possess — namely, an immortal spirit — make each and every one of us that strange and unique creation known as a man or a woman. Whether or not O'Grady's senses are withdrawing finally from his body, together with his soul, or whether body and soul are still unified in the land of the living I do not know; but I do know that, as I write these words about a priest doing the real work of a priest, it is time for me to pass on to the work of a priest who, I think, has done a bad piece of work in writing about the work of his fellow priests and of the church of which he and his brethren are the vowed and consecrated servants. Peter Whiffin has written in a spirit that is not the spirit animating the priest who is now in the hospital ministering to that soul entering — or just entered into — the door of death.

II

Not only is my memory vibrating with the tale I have briefly sketched above, but it also is packed with similar stories and with facts concerning literally hundreds of the Catholic clergy. On my desk, for example, is a letter from a priest to Patrick Scanlan, of the Brooklyn *Tablet*. It was not meant for publication, but Mr. Scanlan has turned it over to me for use in this article, with the priest's reluctant consent. It reinforces and really states the thesis which it is my purpose to express, so I shall let the readers of The Forum read for themselves how a priest who truly represents the great body of the American Catholic clergy goes about the work of the priesthood. It is work of a kind not even mentioned by Peter Whiffin — and that fact is the damning weakness of his article.

Consider this carefully: If I should say nothing — in standing up for the essential rectitude and Christian spirit and practical devotion to its duties of the larger and stronger part of our Catholic clergy — about the failures and the weaklings and the few and scattered traitors who are certainly present in the body of the clergy, I should be guilty of the same grave sin against the canons of journalism that I assert Peter Whiffin is guilty of, namely,

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the suppression of facts that do not tell in favor of his thesis. For the ignoring of contrary facts is distortion of truth to a degree that produces essential falseness. Let the following letter speak for that part of the truth so culpably ignored by Peter Whiffin (for of course he knows that side as well as he thinks he knows the bad or scandalous aspects of the Catholic clergy).

ST. JOAN OF ARC'S RECTORY
Hershey, Pennsylvania
April 13, 1937

Dear Mr. Scanlan: This letter is not for publication nor do I wish to seek any publicity through it. If what I have to say will furnish you with a concrete argument, I shall have obtained my sole purpose in writing to you.

You have no doubt read the article in the April issue of FORUM, written by the hooded-face Peter Whiffin and entitled "A Priest Warns the Church." The author rests his case on several concrete cases, not on abstract principles. He should therefore admit the validity of another priest's *argumentum ad hominem*. What I have to say, therefore, is not a profound rebuttal to Peter Whiffin, but simply the sad experience of a pastor who has tried to save his own soul as a priest by devoting himself to his people.

I have been pastor of St. Joan of Arc's Church for ten years. There are 1,564 souls in this parish of which 95% are Italians. When I came here, there were about 200 persons attending Mass. For the first year of my pastorate I took no salary, for obvious reasons. I announced to my people that I wanted to serve them in any way that I could, and I assured them that no fee would be charged for baptizing their children or for the performance of any of my spiritual duties. I explained to them in their own language the custom of making free offerings, which exists in this country, but emphasized that such offerings are absolutely voluntary. The fact is that I refused to take offerings for more than half the baptisms I have had in the past ten years. The same is true of funerals and weddings. As a result, after fifteen years in the priesthood I am not worth $10.00. I own no property and never did. I hold no stocks and have no bank account. Whatever money I ever had over and above my immediate needs I gave to my poor people. From the day of my ordination to the present religion was "a blessed means of living for the poor," not "a commercialized racket for living *off* the poor," as Peter Whiffin writes. (p. 198.)

My ministry has not been confined to sacristy service. Much of my time has been spent in getting jobs not only for my own people but for non-Catholics also. I have attempted to preach in a Christian fashion on social justice, but without any of the blatant oratory of the soap-box agitator. The members of my parish are not all Italians. One of them is the president of the Hershey Chocolate Company. From the pews of his church he heard Catholic doctrine expounded and learned his duty to the workers, while the workers also learned their duty to their employer and both, their duties to Almighty God. Within ten years I have witnessed a gradual increase in wages amounting to almost 100%. I have also witnessed such an increase at Mass attendance that now we must have three Masses on Sunday.

No one can say that I was able to help my poor by ingratiating myself with the wealthy. My encounter with Mr. Hershey is a matter of public record. Further, I have never accepted a present or a favor of a purely personal nature from Mr. Murrie, the president of the company, or from Mr. M. S. Hershey. The latter made me an honorary member of his country club, presented me with a set of golf clubs and gave orders that I could use the club without cost. The clubs were accepted by me with the understanding that I may give them to boys in the parish; golf I never learned to play because I could not afford the luxury; my membership in the club remained purely honorary; I never took advantage of it. Why? Because I felt that I would scandalize my poor by indulging the luxury of golf and also because I have studiously avoided becoming obligated to wealthy men and politicians.

All this is a preamble to what has recently happened in Hershey. When I heard that the C.I.O. was organizing a union in the Hershey Chocolate Company, I read from Pope Pius XI's "Quadragesimo Anno" the chapter on unions. Although I knew full well the company's strong opposition to labor organization, I told my congregation what the Church teaches and made perfectly clear the rights and duties of both to hundreds of workers. I warned the workers against union organization which accomplished its end in defiance of law and order. I warned the employer against recourse to violence. The rest of this part of the chapter needs no telling. But what is not known to the world is this. My own people not only failed to take my warning, but even did me the injustice of circulating rumors that I was paid $500.00 by Mr. Murrie for delivering my sermon and that I was against the unions and all for the capitalist. In the midst of the strike I was secretly warned that a group of Italians were about to railroad me out of town. I was unafraid and asked for no protection. On the day of the conflict between the union and non-union workers I was asked to take two men to their homes who had been wounded in the struggle, because their presence was creating a very tense atmosphere in the local hospital. I said that I would gladly take them home and inquired who they were and where they lived. It so happened that they were the ring-leaders of the union and their lives were not worth much at the moment. I placed these bleeding men in my car and drove them to their homes without a police escort. This opened the eyes of the working people. It convinced them that I was not tied up with Mr. Hershey and Mr. Murrie. They then came to me for advice and told me their secret plan of revenge. Quietly I prevailed on them not to resort to retaliation. These poor, misguided people were more impressed by my Samaritan act than they were by the fact, as I told them at the time, that when I warned them against dangerous leaders I was not worth one dollar. For I had given my last cent to a widow to buy food for her six children.

I cannot but wonder how Peter Whiffin can explain this sudden change in a people who turned their backs on a priest who lived and toiled and sacrificed for them for ten years. How can he explain it except by the fact that some irresponsible, godless agitators came to our little community and undermined the confidence of the people in their priests and ministers

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as the first step in their efforts to disrupt order. Is it possible that a Catholic priest who writes with a hood on his face is using the same tactics! God forbid.

My experience is not unique. I feel sure that mine is the story of countless good, God-fearing priests who are doing their job quietly, untainted by the urge to seek publicity. And I know that you will use your superior pen to vindicate this class of priests.

Yours sincerely,
(Very Reverend) CHARLES E. PARK, J.U.D.

III

NOT ONLY does Peter Whiffin know many priests, and not only must he have heard about many others, by the hundreds and thousands, who are living their faith like the Hershey rector but of course he knows about the truly tremendous work of charity accomplished by the manifold institutions of the Catholic Church. New York is being made aware of their extent and of their enormous value, not only to Catholics but to the community as a whole, even as I write, in the course of the annual appeal for the support of Catholic charities. The barest summary of this work would occupy an entire issue of THE FORUM.

Let us concede that Peter Whiffin may have thought himself justified in ignoring facts which possibly he thought were so widely known, anyhow, that their repetition would only clog the main channel of his argument. This argument is that the superficial and perfunctory administration of charity serves only to support the thesis that the poor and underprivileged atoms of our society are coming rapidly to share the opinion of Lenin that religion is the opium of the people, deliberately administered to them in doses of scientifically planned philanthropy to keep them quiet, dreaming of pie in the sky by and by, while the rich and the powerful lords of this world, aided and abetted by the Catholic clergy, deny them economic and political justice, equality, security, and happiness. All these, in Lenin's view, would be theirs if religion were swept away and its hypocritical wizards and medicine men liquidated as they were in Russia — and as so many thousands were in Spain — to clear the ground for the work of the real friends of the people, the communists and their allies among less drastic forms of socialism and collectivistic democracy, who would then proceed to realize man's dream of the ages: the advent of the earthly paradise prophesied by Marx.

Let us yield that point to him, then, for the moment anyhow; but I must ask him why he also ignored the persistent, powerful, and continuing efforts of the bishops and at least a considerable number of the priests and of many influential Catholic organizations and movements, both clerical and lay, laboring (for years and generations) in America on behalf not merely of philanthropy for the poor but of social justice for all? Nothing does he say about this, save a grudging acknowledgment that a single Catholic clergyman, Monsignor Fulton Sheen, once dropped a remark (!) to the effect that the Catholic clergy "must go down to the poor and unemployed and build up as strong a Christian proletariat as the communists would a communist proletariat."

Yet he must know such facts. Certainly as a priest he ought to know them. But I freely grant that far too many of our American priests and our American laity, especially the rich and powerful laity and even more particularly the corporation-lawyer type of "leading Catholic laymen," are culpably and scandalously and shockingly ignorant of the doctrine on social justice of their own church and ignorant of the powerful efforts, made by their own bishops and by priests like Dr. John A. Ryan and Dr. Haas and Fathers McGowan and Maguire and Boylan and hundreds of others, to promulgate that doctrine and to get it put into practical effect. But Peter Whiffin cannot be excused for his silence on this vital point, even if ignorance is his plea. He took it on himself to be the accuser of his brethren and of his legitimate superiors and of a large and growing body of devoted laymen. These latter include champions of social justice, of whom Dr. John A. Lapp is typical and of whom Dorothy Day and Peter Maurin may be cited as genuine apostles, and a group of Catholic periodicals named as the representative organs of this Catholic and American and democratic movement — *America*, *The Catholic World*, *The Catholic Worker*, *The Sign*, *The Franciscan*, the Pittsburgh *Catholic*, and many, many others, among which I may be pardoned, I hope, if I mention *The Commonweal*.

And how about the background history of this movement? What about Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland and their pioneering support, based on the solid and ancient teachings of the Church, of organized labor?

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From the days of the Knights of Labor, there is data to prove the activity of the Church in America on behalf of the rights of the poor and the humble — not merely the right to a handout at the backdoor but their God-given rights which they possess simply because they are human beings whose personalities must be respected. If these rights are not respected, then will their wrongs at the hands of the rich and the powerful cry out to heaven for vengeance, the sort of vengeance which comes when the floodgates of social revolution at last burst open and the tide of blood and tears sweeps over country after country where the poor have been exploited.

What has Peter Whiffin to say about this part of the record of his fellow priests and his bishops? Is he in ignorance of the joint pastoral letter of 1919, in which the bishops as a united body traced the holocaust of the World War itself to its origin in the violation of moral laws, among them the law of social justice? Has he never heard of, even if he has not studied on his knees, the encyclical letters of Leo XIII and Pius X and Benedict XV and, especially, Pius XI? Is he not aware of the practical *Program of Social Reconstruction* published by a special committee of the American bishops in 1922 and advertised by them in most of the daily newspapers of the country and promulgated and explained up and down this land by the Department of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, which is the hierarchy of the United States, acting through that conference?

IV

Most of Peter Whiffin's "proofs," offered to support his case, are connected with the Brooklyn diocese, of which he was never a part and where he merely lived for a time with relatives. Investigation of all "facts" sufficiently objective to be examined shows that in his capacity as a reporter he is as weak as in his thesis as an accuser.

That seminarians should be provided with individual shower baths in their rooms seems very sensible and desirable to me and seems to bear out the general Catholic belief that Mother Church cares for the physical as well as the moral and spiritual cleanliness of her children. She really wishes them to wash behind the ears and to brace their nerves and muscles with fresh water, which she does not reserve for baptisms and holy-water fonts. Eccentrics who neglect their bodies are just that: eccentrics, not of the center of the Church, where sanity and its stout servant, common sense, preside over and bring to balance and just proportion all the many and diverse functions of soul and brain and body. Concerning the Brooklyn priest whom Peter Whiffin accuses of having deformed himself from an ardent apostle of the poor, living in a tent, to a point where he now lives as "an independently wealthy gentleman, with a flock of curates to take care of his parish," Mr. Patrick Scanlan, editor of *The Tablet*, who is a true journalist because he respects truth and seeks it zealously, writes to me as follows:

> The writer knows the priest referred to above. Peter Whiffin is guilty of misrepresentation. True, this priest has erected a fine parish from a tent, indicating his zeal, his industry and above all his fine spirituality. But while he has an attractive church, the "magnificent . . . rectory" is a house more than thirty years old and is inferior in beauty, accommodation, up-to-dateness and cost, to many homes in the neighborhood. The "big school," over twenty-five years old and extremely small, is being closed up in June and a modern building is being built. "And his [the pastor's] real-estate holdings alone enable him to live as an independently wealthy gentleman, with a flock of curates to take care of his parish affairs." The truth is that the pastor in question owns no real estate; although nearing seventy, he is one of the hardest working men in the Greater City, finely administers a large parish, and in the bargain is a diocesan official with great, varied and onerous responsibilities. Moreover, he is known from end to end of the city for his piety and devotion to every good interest. Peter Whiffin calls him "a typical illustration." No person of religion would want a finer illustration of everything that is lofty, noble and spiritually successful in religion. The misrepresentation of him and his work by The Forum writer, is the low-down on the entire article.
>
> As for *The Tablet*, and school boys and girls, and pupils, "yapping" against Mr. Roosevelt, the argument is at variance with the truth. And as for the Brooklyn College showing 14 votes against two for F.D.R., one interested in the freedom of the ballot, and not concerned with snooping over things which matter but little, can hardly become excited. For all I know, they also may have shower baths.

V

As I look deeper into the case of Peter Whiffin, there are three aspects which are important. In the first place — and what is of chief interest, no doubt, to most of the readers of The Forum — there is the question of the truth or the falsity or the mixture of both in the

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serious and sweeping charges which he has brought against the priesthood of the Catholic Church in America and, by inference, against the Church herself. I have dealt with that. In the second place, there is the question of Peter Whiffin's personal relationship, as a priest and as a publicist, to the Catholic Church in this country. Finally, there is the even more important and certainly profounder question of the relationship of a priest — of any priest and all priests — to the Catholic Church, if and when that priest sees fit to attack the rectitude of his brother priests or boldly questions or even denies the validity of the Church.

Peter Whiffin is a Roman Catholic priest of one of the many religious congregations which sprang up after the Reformation. He has not, however, been a priest in good standing, either in his own congregation or in the Church, for about one year.

In the Catholic Church such matters are regulated by laws defined with precision and ordinarily exercised with exactitude and with scrupulous care for justice and charity — however much both these virtues may at times have been violated in individual instances. Canon No. 2385 of the Code of Canon Law, which is the fundamental disciplinary and regulatory law of the Church, prescribes that an apostate from religion — that is, from a religious order or congregation — automatically incurs an excommunication. This does not mean mere expulsion from his community; it means actual excommunication from the body of the Church. Canon No. 644 of the Code indicates that an apostate from religion is any professed "religious" — that is, any member of a congregation or order who has taken solemn obligations or vows — who illegitimately goes out of the house (the convent, monastery, or seminary of his group) without the intention of returning or who, having left legitimately, does not return so that he may legitimately withdraw himself from his religious obedience, ample ways and means for such withdrawal being in all cases available.

Peter Whiffin left the house of his congregation legitimately, having received a temporary leave of absence. At the expiration of his leave of absence, however, he did not return and has not returned. It is clear, therefore, that he has incurred, by his own choice, a grave ecclesiastical penalty, under which he now labors.

At present, Peter Whiffin has no standing in the Church. He is outside the body of which he ought to be a healthy, functioning part. The late Father Clerissac has written in his *Mystery of the Church:*

> Any part which does not harmonize with its whole, as St. Augustine remarks, is deformed. . . . A Christian degrades himself and decays to the extent in which he is removed from unity with the Church — the universal source of life for each of the faithful. "To be a member," says Pascal, "is to have neither life, being, nor movement, except through the spirit of the body and for the body."

Peter Whiffin was once a valued member of that body. At present it would seem that he has extruded himself. Will he remain in his awful isolation? Will he restore himself to life?

VI

PETER WHIFFIN'S attack on the Church lacks substance; it is a purely personal case of a man with a grudge, not the case of a true reformer zealous to set straight that which seems crooked or to purge the chaff from the wheat in a field of precious grain meant to feed the hungry multitudes with the bread of life. I have not met Peter Whiffin, although he has been a contributor to *The Commonweal.* It is my desire — as it should be that of any Catholic layman — to say or do nothing that might serve as a stumbling block for a priest in difficulties or that might stand in the way of any path of reconciliation for him with the Church. A layman who, like myself, has been engaged in various forms of Catholic Action for many years has seen far too much of the miserable, sometimes the sordid, tragedies caused by "fallen away" priests, in which they themselves are the chief victims, to be willing to run any avoidable risk of arousing the resentment or injuring the pride of any priest even remotely in danger of bringing on himself the dolorous fate of the priest who cuts himself off from the Church or who, when no other course is open, is cut off by the Church.

There are rare instances of priests of high natural character and confirmed natural virtue who "lose their faith," as the phrase runs, through intellectual difficulties, sometimes perhaps through overdeveloped pride of intellect, who leave the Church (so far as it is humanly possible for them so to do), and who afterward suffer no visible diminishment of their moral or their spiritual attainments.

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Such men are few; their names are scattered thinly through the twenty centuries of the history of the Church; but the names of the consecrated servants of the Church who have fallen away from their Mother — always chiefly and often solely by their own moral or spiritual fault — would fill a large volume.

But I am obliged to state my firm conviction that Peter Whiffin is not one of the genuine cases of "intellectual difficulties." No doubt he encountered such difficulties; perhaps now to him they seem the main reason for his state of mind. (His "state of nerves," I fancy, would be nearer the truth.) But I think that his struggles with such matters were never any more frequent or more intense than is the case with most priests and most thinking laymen, at some time or other in their lives. But for all such troubles there is one sovereign specific for what, to a Catholic, is a malady rather than a normal process of the reason: the specific contained in Newman's phrase that "a thousand doubts do not constitute a denial."

Doubts are regarded by genuine Catholics as temptations against the Faith and are to be resisted stoutly and persistently; but they are not sins unless they are culpably welcomed and cherished until they gradually wax powerful and assume their full development as outright denials. For in the fullness of a Catholic soul's possession of the grace of faith there is no place for questioning the simple fundamental truth which human reason has formulated as the logical expression of the meaning of faith. As the Church teaches that fundamental truth and as her children accept the truth through faith, it may be paraphrased as follows: There is a God; Jesus Christ was and is God; and Christ created and established a church to be and to remain His mystical body on earth, of which mystical body all men and women without exception are required by the express will of God to incorporate themselves — when and if God calls on them to do so.

Now, God's will being free — unconditioned by anything whatsoever save its own force — it necessarily follows that men, created by God in His own image and likeness, also are possessed of free will. Liberty — liberty absolute and unhampered save by the individual's own will — is concordant with and inseparable from the inner essence of Christianity. Therefore, it follows that a Catholic — whether that Catholic be a prince of the intellect or a child just beginning to use its reason — knows that to deny the authority of the Church, deliberately and completely, is to rebel against God Himself and that such a denial, if fully intended by a rebellious soul and persisted in and never abandoned and repented of, brings about the most terrible catastrophe conceivable: namely, the suicide of a soul, the free-will choice of eternal death, instead of eternal life.

And this is the reason why Catholics are more concerned by the question whether Peter Whiffin has really denied the Church and lost his faith than about the truth or falsity or any mixture of truth and falsity in the sweeping condemnation which Peter Whiffin made, in his FORUM article, against the entire body of the American Catholic clergy. Of course, all Catholics are genuinely concerned with his charges, in which they all recognize a considerable element of truth — but truth so badly thrown out of proportion, by exaggeration, misstatement, and a complete absence of anything except condemnation and abuse, that what is true practically is turned into falsehood. Non-Catholics, however, whom I have chiefly in mind as I write, must grasp the fact (which possibly they may not justly be expected to understand) that Catholics can fully accept, permit, encourage, and even heartily welcome the frankest and clearest criticism of their clergy, if such criticism is recognizably made in a spirit of true concern to tell facts and effect the betterment of the things complained about.

What Catholics unanimously reject as utterly abhorrent is any suggestion — to say nothing of any declaration — that the Catholic Church herself has failed or is false or that she ever can fail or be proven false. And they feel that such a suggestion must be inevitably conveyed to non-Catholics by Peter Whiffin's indiscriminate abuse and condemnation of the faults and failures of a portion of the American Catholic clergy, without a hint in the long torrent of denunciation that a picture could be drawn of the virtues of the clergy and the good works of the Church as a body which would tell altogether another story.

VII

FROM THE VERY beginning of Christianity many voices from within the Church as well as from without have denounced the follies and

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faults and crimes and sins committed by Christian people and the Christian clergy. From the time of Saint Peter and Saint Paul and Saint John the Divine, down through the nearly twenty centuries of Catholic history to the encyclical letter of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, *On the Catholic Priesthood*, the accusations and the solemn warnings run unbroken. Catholic histories — to say nothing of Catholic textbooks used in the education of the clergy and the unremitting stream of exhortations made by the never failing succession of bishops and other commissioned teachers of the clergy in the myriads of seminaries and novitiates and universities of the Catholic world — constitute a literature of the exposure of evils arising among the clergy compared to which Peter Whiffin's pages at their worst are trifles. The facts are notorious. At all times, in all places, under all circumstances, a certain proportion of the clergy goes wrong or fails lamentably and becomes a stumbling block not only of the gentiles but of the faithful.

This is all for a very simple reason. There is no need to look around for complicated causes. These things happen and doubtless will happen to the end of time, simply because men and women are men and women and are not something more or less than human beings. As Newman said, "Men, not angels, do the work of the Church." Therefore, they are free to be good or bad or merely moral mediocrities, to be frail or even false in expressing their convictions. Equally they may be heroes and heroines and, sometimes — and far more frequently than the world without or even the children of the Church suspect — they may be saints.

But — and this is the point which it is so difficult yet so necessary to establish — the Church herself is absolutely stainless; she is never false. That would be impossible, because the Church is the living truth; never can she be unseemly, still less ugly or vile, because she is incarnate goodness and beauty. A Catholic may say: "Such and such a pope or bishop or priest is a rotter — he wears vileness as a garment, nay, it rots his very soul." Many Catholics have said such things. Dante, for example; Saint Catherine of Sienna, for another. The list of such accusers is a lengthy one and requires no Peter Whiffin to round it out. Nevertheless, no Catholic denouncing such failures or traitors ever dreams of thinking, still less of suggesting or declaring, that the Church is involved in the faults and follies and the crimes and sins of her servants.

It is impossible to overstate the absolute nature of the distinction made by Catholics between the erring children of the Church and Holy Mother the Church, herself. A true Catholic might readily enough state his opinion, at least in private conversation (for he would think earnestly and pray sincerely before he published such an opinion to the world), that, for example, His Eminence, the Cardinal of This or That, is a grafter and that his proper place would be with Al Capone in Alcatraz prison. He might believe that the Archbishop of Discopulis should be transferred to Sodom or Gomorrah, being really congenial to the moral climate of those cities of the plains. He might go on to add that a lot of the priests — maybe most of them — of the diocese of Helluvaplace are racketeers and that their morals are very ordinary, to say the least. But, if or when any Catholic says or writes such or similar opinions, other experienced, well-read Catholics (not, of course, the great majority of simple, honest, unsophisticated souls, dearly beloved of God, who make up the greater part of the body of God on earth, His church) are not really perturbed or shaken by emotions of anger or shame or contempt. Such experienced and literate Catholics are used to all that. But precisely because of their knowledge that such scandals grieve and shock and anger and disturb and perplex that great mass of simple souls — for whom ultimately all the labors of the Christian intellect, all the works of the majority of the priests who are faithful, all the sacrifices of nuns and missionaries, and the very blood of the martyrs themselves are spent — they know that it is unwise to broadcast ugly truths unnecessarily, unbalanced and uncorrected by the other and glorious side of the story, as Peter Whiffin has so miserably done.

Therefore they do not do such things. Or, when they do, what they write is written, so to speak, in blood and tears — as Saint Catherine of Sienna wrote her terrible fulminations against the evil priests and bishops of her dolorous period or as many others of the Catholic critics of the Catholic Church have done when it seemed their duty. It is the spirit in which such tasks are accomplished which makes them either great works of moral sanita-

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tion and agencies of necessary reforms — or else mere outbursts of scabrous gossip or torrents of billingsgate, full of spite, to satisfy personal venom.

But even the most sophisticated and experienced Catholic, tolerant as he may be of all criticism of the clergy which seems to him to make the necessary distinction between human failings and the inviolable sanctity and truth of the Church herself, will know what spiritual anger really is when any accuser of the brethren takes on himself the dreadful responsibility of even appearing to suggest that such human failings in any way tend to prove that the Catholic Church has in the slightest degree been compromised. Perhaps it is even well that such outbursts of personal spite occur occasionally, so that the Catholic belief in the Catholic Church may be brought to the attention of those who, while they do not share or understand that belief, may respect it when they encounter it. For it is the Catholic belief in the Catholic Church that is the true explanation of the unceasing vitality and overflowing variety of the good works of that institution. That the Catholic Church was founded, established, and has since been maintained by the direct unceasing power of God's will, acting through the God-man, Jesus Christ, is a belief so potent and all-prevailing in the Catholic world (which is coterminous with the world in which it functions but which does not belong to that world) that all true Catholics have but a single question to ask when accusations like those of Peter Whiffin's are made.

That question is not whether these charges are true or false. Of course this will be asked and hotly debated and settled or left unsettled, according to the nature of the evidence available. But the crucial question asked by the Catholic is as follows: Has the accuser made his accusations against the Church, rather than against the servants of the Church? If he is really accusing the Church, there can be only one explanation for his conduct which is acceptable to Catholics: he has lost or thrown away his faith.

VIII

PETER WHIFFIN may or may not have suffered so lamentable a loss. So long as he lives — provided he does not himself settle the matter by a recantation or by a fuller explanation of his true position than is afforded by the confused, petulant, misleading, and mischievous FORUM article — that point will be debated. Not among the multitude of Catholics; for soon both he and his article will generally be forgotten. Not by the enemies of the Church; for by them, after their first pleased excitement and their efforts to make capital against the Church of the unbalanced utterances of Peter Whiffin, he will be ignored. But the debate will go on among Peter Whiffin's brother priests, especially among his many and loving friends. In many a retired cloister, devout and ardent souls will not debate; but there will be unremitting petition made for Peter Whiffin.

All priests are warned by Mother Church of what may befall them if they do not strive to live the meaning of their vows. Over each of the myriads of priests ordained by the bishops, the warning of the Church is uttered today, as it has been from remote ages and as it will until the end of time:

> Let your conduct at all times be the outcome of a chaste and holy life. Consider what you do, imitate that which you handle; and as you celebrate the Mysteries of the Lord's Death, be earnest in ridding your members by mortification of all vices and lusts. Let your teaching be a spiritual remedy for God's people; let the fragrance of your life be a delight to the Church of God, that both by preaching and example you may build up the house, that is, the family of God, so that neither we may deserve to be condemned of the Lord for promoting you to so sublime an office, nor you for taking it upon yourself, but rather that He may reward us all. . . . Dearly beloved son, earnestly consider the Order you have received and the burden that is placed on your shoulders. Strive to lead a holy and godly life, and to please Almighty God, that you may obtain His grace, which may He of His mercy deign to bestow upon you . . . for it is the duty of clerics to lead both an inferior and exterior life that is holier than that of the laity and to surpass them as an example of virtue and rectitude. [Canon 124, Code of Canon Law]

And that warning holds true for other priests than Peter Whiffin.

April 28 — Peter Whiffin has returned to his monastery. *Deo gratias*. And readers of THE FORUM may be glad to know that O'Grady did not die. The last sacraments, as often happens, appear to have been channels of bodily as well as of spiritual vitality.

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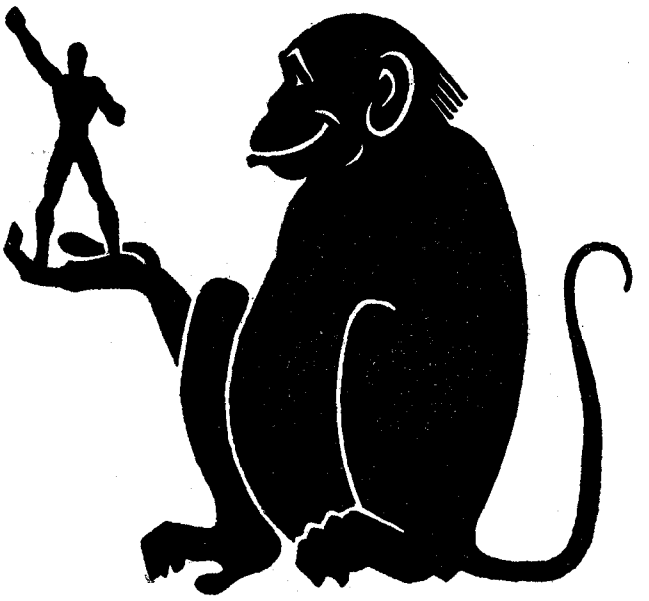
Apology for Man



Drawing by Clifton Line

by **EARNEST A. HOOTON**

ANTHROPOLOGY is the science of man. However, after nearly a quarter of a century of study of that science, I have decided that the proper function of the anthropologist is to apologize for man. To some, indeed, it may never have occurred that an apology in behalf of man is required; to others, more thoughtful, it may seem that for man no apology is possible. Man usually either considers himself a self-made animal and consequently adores his maker, or he assumes himself to be the creation of a supreme intelligence, for which the latter is alternately congratulated and blamed. An attitude of humility, abasement, contrition, and apology for his shortcomings is thoroughly uncharacteristic of Homo sapiens, except as a manifestation of religion. This most salutary of religious attitudes should be carried over into science. Man should confess his evolutionary deficiencies and resolve that in future he will try to be a better animal.

I propose to offer two apologies for our species, the one defensive, the other penitential. The defensive apology in behalf of man pertains to his appearance, physique, and biological habits. The only proper recipients of such an apology would be the anthropoid apes, whom man sometimes claims as his nearest relatives. The second and penitential apology is offered for man's behavior — for his use of the gift of articulate speech, for his attempts to control nature, for his social habits and his systems of ethics. It is owed to man himself, to Nature, and to the universe.

APOLOGY FOR MAN'S PHYSIQUE: HIS NAKEDNESS

IF YOU WERE a respectable anthropoid ape catching your first glimpse of a specimen of man, your modesty would be shocked by the spectacle of his obscene nakedness. Indeed, even to man himself it is a well-nigh insupportable sight, unless he be a savage devoid of culture or a nudist devoid of sensibility. For here is a mammalian anomaly which lacks the customary covering of fur or hair and displays only clumps and tufts disgustingly sprouting from inappropriate areas. What strange capillary blight has afflicted this animal so as to denude his body of the hairy coat which protects the tender skin from bruises and abrasions, insulates the vital organs, and prevents too rapid loss of heat or scorching of the tissues by the actinic rays of the sun? Why has man retained abundant hair only in places where it is relatively useless — such as the brain case,

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which is already adequately protected by a thick shell of bone, and the face, where whiskers merely interfere with feeding?

To cover his bodily nakedness, man has been forced to slay more fortunate mammals so that he may array himself in their furs or to weave fabrics from their shorn hair or from vegetable fibers, wherewith to make inconvenient, unhygienic, and generally ridiculous garments. On the other hand, in order to get rid of the superfluous and entangling hair on his face and head, man has been driven to invent many contrivances for eradicating, cutting, and shaving. The adult male White has experimented unhappily through several millennia, trying everything from a flint flake to an electric lawn mower in order to clear his face from hirsute entanglement without flaying himself. Each morning he immolates himself for ten minutes on the altar of evolutionary inefficiency, until, at the age of threescore and ten, he has paid his full tribute of some 3,047 hours of suffering — physical torture, if self-inflicted; both physical and mental, if he has patronized a barber. And even this staggering total is exclusive of haircuts.

We may dismiss summarily the naïve supposition that parts of the body have been denuded of hair by the friction of clothing. The least amount of body hair growth is found, on the one hand, in Negroid stocks which have gone naked for, presumably, at least 30,000 years and, on the other hand, in Mongoloids, who have probably sewed themselves up for the winter during a considerable part of that period. I do not recall the origin of the suggestion that human hairlessness was evolved in the tropics to enable man to rid himself of the external parasites commonly called lice. It need be remarked only that, if such was the case, the evolutionary device has been singularly unsuccessful.

Darwin noted that the female in man and among the anthropoid apes is less hairy than the male and suggested that denudation began earlier in the former sex. He imagined that the process was completed by the incipiently hairless mothers' transmitting the new characteristic to their offspring of both sexes and exercising, both for themselves and for their comparatively naked daughters, a discriminatory choice of mates. The smooth-skinned suitor would be preferred to the shaggy and hirsute. Thus Darwin, like Adam, blamed it on the woman. But abundant body hair in the male is traditionally and probably physiologically associated with an excess of strength and virility, and the prehuman female probably liked her man hairy. In any case, zoological studies of the habits of contemporary subhuman primates indicate that the female is not asked but taken, that she is passive and devoid of aesthetic perception. She does not choose but only stands and waits. There are other theories to account for this deplorably glabrous human condition, but none which would satisfy a critical anthropoid ape.

His Body Build and Posture

The second aspect of man which would revolt the gazing anthropoid is the monstrous elongation of his legs; his deformed feet, with their misshapen and useless toes; his feeble and abbreviated arms; and his extraordinary posture and gait. Beginning with the juncture of the lower limbs and trunk and avoiding indelicate details, a scrutinizing anthropoid would comment unfavorably on the excessive protrusion of the human buttocks. He would judge the architecture of man's rear elevation to be inept, bizarre, and rococo. The anthropoid gaze, hastily lowered to the thighs, would be further offended by monstrous bulges of muscles; knobby kneepans; razor-crested shinbones, insufficiently covered in front and unduly padded behind; hammer-like heels; humped insteps terminating in vestigial digits — a gross, spatulate great toe devoid of grasping power, lesser toes successively smaller and more misshapen, until the acme of degeneracy is reached in the little toe, a sort of external vermiform appendix.

Planting these mutilated slabs flat on the ground, man advances upon his grotesque hind legs, protruding his thorax, his belly, and those organs which in quadrupeds are modestly suspended beneath a concealing body bulk. It devolves on me to attempt a defense of these human deviations from the norms of mammalian posture and proportions.

Seven millions of years ago the common ancestors of man were already giant primates, perhaps as large as they are today. They were tree dwellers, who progressed from bough to bough by the method of arm swinging. Their arms were elongated and overdeveloped by this

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method of locomotion. Their legs were comparatively short and weak, equipped with mobile, grasping feet. When on the ground, these generalized anthropoids moved on all fours. At this critical juncture of prehuman and anthropoid affairs, man's forebears seem to have abandoned arboreal life and taken to the ground.

Tree dwelling is advantageous and safe only for small and agile animals. The newly terrestrial protohumans were now confronted with two alternatives of posture and gait: either to go down on all fours like baboons or to attempt an erect stance and progression on the precarious support of their hind limbs. The former offers greater possibilities of speed and stability, but it sentences its users to the fate of earth-bound quadrupeds, nosing through life. Bipedal gait and erect posture, on the contrary, provide the inestimable advantages of increased stature, the ability to see wider horizons, and an emancipated pair of prehensile limbs. Here, forsooth, the ape with human destiny was at the very crossroads of evolution. He took the right turning.

Almost all of man's anomalies of gait and proportion were necessitated by that supremely intelligent choice. The quadruped had to be remade by dint of all sorts of organic shifts and compromises. The axis of the trunk had to be changed from the horizontal to the vertical by a sharp bending of the spine. The pelvis underwent a process of flattening and other changes necessary to adapt it for the transmission of the entire body weight to the legs. The whole lower limb became enormously hypertrophied in response to its amplified function. However, the most profound modifications were effected in the foot — at that time a loose-joined, prehensile member, with a great toe stuck out like a thumb; long, recurving outer digits; a small heel; and a flat instep. The great toe was brought into line with the long axis of the foot; the lesser toes, no longer needed for grasping, began to shrink; the loose, mobile bones of the instep were consolidated into a strong but elastic vault; the heel was enlarged and extended backward to afford more leverage for the great calf muscles which lift the body weight in walking. Thus a mobile, prehensile foot was transformed into a stable, supporting organ.

Further, the seemingly grotesque abbreviation of man's arms becomes intelligible if one considers the disadvantages of elongated, trailing arms to an animal with upright stance and gait. The creature would be in continual danger of stepping on his own fingers, and, in order to feed himself, would be forced to move the segments of his upper extremity through vast arcs. Lifting his hand to scratch his nose would involve a major gymnastic effort.

His Face, His Teeth, His Brain

Doubtless, to the superior anthropoid ape, man's most unsightly deformity would be his head. Wherefore the swollen brain case and the dwarfed face receding beneath bulging brows, with a fleshy excrescence protruded in the middle and with degenerative hairy growth pendant from feeble jowls? What of the charnel house exposed when man opens his mouth — the inadequately whited sepulcher of a decaying dentition?

Plausible, if somewhat rationalized, explanations of these features are offered by students of the evolution of the primate brain. The early primates were diminutive, long-snouted, small-brained creatures which ran along the boughs on all fours. The first step toward higher evolution took place when some of the more progressive forms began to sit up in the trees, thus specializing their hind limbs for support and emancipating the upper pair of prehensile limbs. These, equipped with their pentadactyl hands, could be used for plucking food, conveying it to the mouth, bringing objects before the eyes for examination, and general tactile exploration.

The greater the demands made on an organ, the larger it becomes. The movements of the hands are controlled by motor areas in the nervous covering of the forebrain. These areas expand in response to increasing use and complexity of the movements of the members which they direct. Greater use of the brain demands a larger blood supply, which in turn promotes growth. By tactile exploration and visual examination there grow up, adjacent to the respective motor areas in the cortical surface of the brain, areas which picture the movements of the parts concerned, so that the animal is enabled to visualize actions which are to be carried out and to recall those which have been performed. In short, this functional theory of the evolution of the primate brain assumes a sort of physiological perpetual mo-

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tion, in which emancipated hands continually call for more nervous surface of the brain to govern their increasing movements and to store up their multiplying impressions, while the expanding and active brain, on its part, devises ever more mischief still for idle hands to do.

But what of our shrunken face, the remnant of a once projecting mammalian snout? The elongate muzzle of the lower animals is useful for "feeling," smelling, grazing, and fighting — mainly because the eyes are set well back of the biting or business end, thus allowing the brute to see what it is doing with its jaws. Now the emancipation of the prehensile forelimbs from the duties of support and locomotion permits them to be used for hand feeding and for developing weapons, thus relieving the snout of its grazing and fighting functions.

Just as increased function of a bodily part results in its development, so diminished use causes shrinkage. Consequently, the new utilization of the liberated hands results in a recession of the jaws. The dental arches grow smaller; the outthrust facial skeleton is bent down beneath the expanding brain case; the nose, still a respiratory organ and the seat of the sense of smell, is left — a forlorn, fleshy promontory overhanging the reduced mouth cavity.

However, some doubting Thomases among our ape critics may regard as futile man's attempt to correlate with superior intelligence that vast malignancy which surmounts his spinal cord.

Apology for Man's Behavior: His Gift of Articulate Speech

For at least 30,000 years, and quite probably for thrice that period of time, man has existed at his modern anatomical status. With this superior evolutionary endowment, what has been the achievement of Homo sapiens?

Man frequently distinguishes himself from other animals by what he proudly calls the gift of articulate speech. To an anthropoid ape the range, quality, and volume of human vocalization would not be remarkable. A gorilla, for example, can both outscream a woman and roar in a deep bass roll, like distant thunder, which can be heard for miles. Even the small gibbon has a voice described by a musician as much more powerful than that of any singer he had ever heard. In fact, one might conclude that an anthropoid ape would regard a Metropolitan opera star as next door to dumb.

The ape, unimpressed with the range and volume of the human voice, would nevertheless be appalled at its incessant utilization. Lacking himself, presumably, the ability to fabricate lofty and complicated thoughts, he would not understand man's unintermittent compulsion to communicate these results of his cerebration to his fellows, whether or not they care to listen. In fact, it would probably not occur to an ape that the ceaseless waves of humanly vocalized sound vibrating against his eardrums are intended to convey thoughts and ideas. Nor would he be altogether wrong. Man's human wants are not radically dissimilar to those of other animals. He wakes and sleeps; eats, digests, and eliminates; makes love and fights; sickens and dies in a thoroughly mammalian fashion. Why, then, does he eternally discuss his animalistic affairs, preserving a decent silence but once a year, for two minutes, on Armistice Day?

"But," I say (in my role of apologist), "human culture is based on the communication of knowledge through the medium of speech." Many competent anatomists who have examined the various fragmentary skulls and brain cases of the earliest known fossil men — undoubtedly the fabricators of some of the more advanced types of Pleistocene stone tools — have questioned their ability to employ articulate speech. I myself disagree with this view and think that man originated from an irrepressibly noisy and babbling type of ape. However, it seems possible that most of the transmission of culture was effected through watching and through imitation, in the early days of human evolution, rather than by language.

Although language is the universal possession of all races of Homo sapiens, the diversification of speech has been so rapid that the world's population from prehistoric times has consisted of many groups whose articulate and written communications are, for the most part, mutually unintelligible. Thus, whereas the common possession of speech might be expected to unite all men, the reverse is the case. Language erects more barriers than bridges. There is in man a deep-rooted tendency to dislike, to distrust, and to adjudge inferior the in-

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dividual or group speaking a language unintelligible to him, just as he considers the apes lower animals because they have no language at all. Culture is now transmitted largely by language; and, the more groups differ in the former, the further they are likely to be apart in the latter.

Larger and more powerful groups attempt to impose their languages on alien folk with whom they come into contact. The consequent linguistic servitude not only awakens hatred in the vanquished but tends to destroy their native culture without giving them in exchange an understanding of or participation in that of the conquerors. Possibly, then, language has destroyed as much of culture as it has produced.

His Attempts to Control Nature

Man is pre-eminently an animal good at gadgets. However, there is reason for doubting his good judgment in their utilization.

Perhaps the first chemical process which man employed for his own service was combustion. First utilized to warm naked and chilled bodies, it was then discovered to be effective for scaring off nocturnal beasts of prey and an admirable agent for the preparation and preservation of food. Much later came the discovery that fire could be used in extracting and working metals and last of all that it could be employed to generate power. In ancient times man began to use fire as a weapon, beginning with incendiary torches and arrows and proceeding to explosives, which have been developed principally for the destruction of human beings and their works.

In the control and utilization of gases, the achievements of our species have not been commendable. One might begin with air, which man breathes in common with other terrestrial vertebrates. He differs from other animals in that he seems incapable of selecting the right kind of air for breathing. Man is forever doing things which foul the air and poisoning himself by his own stupidity. He pens himself up in a limited air space and suffocates; he manufactures noxious gases which accidentally or intentionally displace the air and remove him from the ranks of the living; he has been completely unable to filter the air of the disease germs, which he breathes to his detriment; he and all his works are powerless to prevent a hurricane or to withstand its force. Man has indeed been able to utilize the power of moving air currents to a limited extent and to imitate the flight of birds, with the certainty of eventually breaking his neck if he tries it.

Man uses water much in the same way as other animals; he has to drink it constantly, washes in it frequently, and drowns in it occasionally — probably oftener than other terrestrial vertebrates. Without water, he dies as miserably as any other beast and, with too much of it, as in floods, he is equally unable to cope. However, he excels other animals in that he has learned to utilize water power.

But it is rather man's lack of judgment in the exercise of control of natural resources which would disgust critics of higher intelligence, although it would not surprise the apes. Man observes that the wood of trees is serviceable for constructing habitations and other buildings. He straightway and recklessly denudes the earth of forests, in so far as he is able. He finds that the meat and skins of the bison are valuable and immediately goes to work to exterminate the bison. He allows his grazing animals to strip the turf from the soil so that it is blown away and fertile places become deserts. He clears for cultivation and exhausts the rich land by stupid planting. He goes into wholesale production of food, cereals, fruit, and livestock and allows the fruits of his labors to rot or to starve because he has not provided any adequate method of distributing them or because no one can pay for them. He invents machines which do the work of many men, and is perplexed by the many men who are out of work. It would be hard to convince judges of human conduct that man is not an economic fool.

His Attempts to Control Himself

Man's efforts to control himself, individually and in society, might impel a gorilla to thump his chest and roar with laughter. Let us consider the probable reactions of the chimpanzee to familial functions as performed by modern man.

The ape child begins to fend for itself at an early age. An anthropoid would not understand the domestic custom whereby the young are maintained as economic parasites by their parents for two decades or more of their lives, long after they have reached sexual maturity and adult size.

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In ape society a young male does not acquire a mate until he is able to take her by beating off his rivals and to make good his possession. The female is, of course, always self-supporting. The situation of the young man who could not marry his girl because they couldn't live with her folks because her folks were still living with their folks, would not arise in anthropoid society. Apes appear to manage the number of their progeny with such discretion that no mother produces new offspring while she is still burdened with the care of previous infants. Furthermore, the size of any ape group seems to be restricted by the ability of its members to gain a livelihood, whereas, in human society, the less economically capable the group, the more numerous the offspring.

Again, the weak, sickly, and constitutionally unfit among the anthropoid apes are eliminated, either through neglect or deliberately. This is doubtless because our cousins are insufficiently intelligent to have developed those humanitarian sentiments which demand the preservation of life, however painful it is to its possessors and however useless to society.

A critic who had surveyed the great advances which man has made in his material culture might examine with high expectation the extent to which he has applied his intelligence to the improvement of his health and biological status.

The ordinary animal tries to protract his individual existence only by eating, running away, and hiding and his species' existence by breeding and by some exercise of parental care. Primitive man has added another preservative — medical care. The medical science of the savage is, however, compounded of magic and superstition and includes few remedies of actual value. The doctor at the primitive stage of culture kills oftener than he cures. He merely adds to the strain, on a long-suffering organism, exerted by the pressure of a ruthless natural selection.

Medical skill was a negligible factor in the increase of human populations up to the last century, even in the most civilized societies. Now, however, advance in medical knowledge, together with public hygiene and sanitation, has radically reduced the mortality at the beginning of the life span and literally has taken the graves out from under the feet of the aging. In the United States the death rate during the first year of males born alive has been reduced from 12.7 per cent to 6.2 per cent in 30 years, and the expectation of life has increased since the beginning of the century from 48 to 59 years for males and from 51 to 63 years for females. Short of homicide, a man has practically no chance of outliving his wife; females, after attaining a certain age, become almost immortal.

Now it is perfectly obvious to intelligent judges of man's behavior that this preservation and prolongation of life largely increases the proportion among the living population of the constitutionally inferior — the lame, the halt, and the blind. It also makes for a world peopled increasingly with the immature and the senile — those who have not yet developed their mental powers and their judgment and those who are in process of losing both. If medical science were able to make whole the bodies and minds it preserves, one might find little to criticize in the age shift in the composition of the population. But it is unfortunately true that we have succeeded all too well in keeping the engine running but have been quite unable to repair the steering gear. Since the immature are not granted a voice in the government and the decrepit are not denied it, we may expect ever increasing social ructions, as a result of senile decay dominating dementia praecox in a world of diminishing average intelligence.

One of the human institutions for which apology is required is government. Undoubtedly an anthropoid ape would appreciate and understand government by dictatorship; he might even realize the advantages of a communistic regime. But a superhuman critic of man's affairs would be puzzled by a democracy. He would have to be informed that democracy involves the essential principle that all law-abiding adults have equal rights and privileges and an equal voice in government. Such a democratic government should imply an approximate parity of intelligence in the electorate or a majority of individuals of superior intelligence, if it is to function capably and successfully. There can be no miracle whereby the group intelligence transcends the possibly moronic mean of its constituent members.

Now, on the whole, there is a marked positive association between bodily health and mental health. A ten-year study of American criminals and insane has convinced me that there is an even stronger correlation between

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mental and social inadequacy and biological inferiority. Since civilized men are preserving the unfit in body, it follows that they are depreciating their intelligence currency.

Judges of human behavior, examining modern warfare, would probably reason as follows: "Men are too soft-hearted to keep their populations down to the right numbers by birth control or infanticide. Therefore, when the weak, the unfit, and the useless grow to adult years and become a menace to the common good, nations conspire mutually to start patriotic crusades, whereby their superfluous and inferior populations destroy each other in a high atmosphere of heroism and devotion to public duty."

As the protagonist of the human race, I must admit that in warfare, on the contrary, we select as the victims not the bodily and mentally unfit but those adjudged to be the flower of each nation. Nor do I know how to answer the retort that man's right hand certainly does not know what his left hand is doing, when with the one he preserves the worst of his kind and with the other destroys the best.

I ought probably to try to divert attention from this issue by discanting on the grandeur of human conceptions of justice, the sanctity of the law, and the efficiency of the police systems organized to prevent its infraction; how we regard the criminal not as a vicious brute to be exterminated but as a wayward or sick child to be rehabilitated and cured by patient and loving care. I ought to tell how, at each Christmas season, our wise and noble governors bestow on their happy States the priceless gift of a goodly parcel of liberated murderers, thieves, and other convicted felons.

Such a plea would nauseate an ape. For no animal society tolerates the outlaw. The antisocial animal is killed or driven out. Judges of superior intelligence, however, would put some pertinent questions:

"Is it not true that a liberal education at the public expense has long been extended to nearly every class of person in the United States?

"Is it true that the noble-spirited, who formerly concerned themselves with the salvation of men's souls, are now no longer attempting to prepare men for heaven but rather to rescue them from a very present hell?

"Has not the treatment of the delinquent been improved until now it almost may be said that the convicted felon receives more social consideration than the law-abiding working man?

"Does not crime still increase enormously, and the discharged convict continue to return to his crime like a dog to his vomit?

"Is it not therefore apparent, in the light of the evidence you have presented, that modern man is selling his biological birthright for a mess of morons, that the voice may be the voice of democracy but the hands are the hands of apes?"

In an early issue:
"Racial Bugaboos,"
as told by Franz Boas

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My Child Was Crippled

ANONYMOUS

As an exhortation to youth, *mens sana in corpore sano* is probably the favorite of the hardy perennials. Few gymnasium doors but that open underneath it. Headmasters quote it glibly in selling their schools to parents. And parents fall back on it in urging cod-liver oil, cold showers, outdoor exercise, or whatever particular health fetish gives rise to argument. It's simply excellent. One acknowledges the simplicity of its excellence the more convincedly when one cannot use it, when, indeed, one must work for a sound mind in an unsound body. From my own experience I know this latter can be achieved, but it demands endless sanity, tact, and intelligent, unobtrusive sympathy.

My confinement at Adaline's birth was not a normal one, but when this third baby was placed in my arms she was apparently a perfect little girl; and, as mothers do, I forgot the hours of travail in my esoteric delight with the invariably miraculous experience of having been the instrument through which a new life was created, nourished, and brought into the world. Adaline was nearly two years old and I was expecting a fourth baby before our suspicions that there was something wrong with her began to grow into certainty.

At first she seemed just an enchanting, healthy, bright infant. When she reached the end of her first year and showed no interest in trying to walk, we didn't worry, because there appeared to be absolutely no reason why she shouldn't walk if she didn't care to do so; we said she was just a languid young lady.

But as the months wore on and still the baby made no effort whatever to stand and walk, I took her to a pediatrician who, when he had taken the entire case history, told me that the child, although there had been no marks visible on her, had probably been injured in the cerebellum or medulla oblongata by the instruments used in delivery and that this injury might be resulting in a spastic condition affecting her lower limbs. The pediatrician referred me to an orthopedic surgeon, who verified the former's diagnosis and advised me that for the present I could do nothing but wait until the child did walk, so that the extent of the injury could be determined and remedial measures planned. He told me frankly that, while spastic conditions often respond favorably to treatment and to surgery, they were never completely curable and that to some extent Adaline would be crippled all her life.

My first reaction was a fierce determination to protect my weakling, to shield her from all harshness, to make up to her for her physical disability by an overflowing of love. Momentarily I almost resented my other two children and the one that was soon to come, because they might lessen the completeness of the devotion I could give Adaline. Fortunately this mood did not remain. I remembered one home I had visited where an invalid was made the central figure around whom the family life revolved. The constraint on the healthy members of the family was appalling, and the effects on the invalid were far from desirable.

With so grim an object lesson in my mind I got a little perspective on my own problem. My task, as I saw it, was, first of all, to keep a normal, happy atmosphere in my home, so that my three able-bodied children might have a sound environment and my handicapped child might have the mental reactions, attitudes, and outlook of a person normal physically. Adaline would have to adapt herself to the world, for the world would never conform to her limitations. Therefore, in her early little world, our family, there ought to be no curtailment of certain activities simply because she could have no part in them and we could not bear to have her merely an onlooker. Meanwhile, I, her mother, would do everything in my power to see that her life mentally

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and physically was as full as it could possibly be made.

Perseverance

When Adaline was two and a half she made her first pathetically grotesque attempts to walk. By the time she was three she could walk a little, so lamely that we could see plainly that her condition was going to be genuinely disabling. We lived in suburban Chicago, and I put Adaline's case in the hands of one of the city's leading orthopedic surgeons. He first operated on her when she was five. During the following eleven years his treatment of Adaline's case changed her from a child who could scarcely walk at all, who would in fact, as an adult, have been barred from almost every normal activity, to a person who, while she walks somewhat lamely, uses no crutch or cane, wears no brace, and does and can go anywhere alone. Today she walks long distances (four or five miles do not daunt her), and is physically almost independent of others, although she cannot dance, skate, or participate in any sports that necessitate running or jumping.

Such progress did not come overnight. As I have said, it took eleven years. Eleven years in which there were four painful surgical operations, various types of massage and physiotherapy treatments, endless regimens of exercise and muscle training and co-ordination. Eleven years of the most concentrated co-operation between doctor and patient. There was no great problem, for us, in the operations and the treatments given by someone else, but the daily exercises required some discipline. Their results were imperceptibly slow, and if they were to be at all effectual they had to be pursued with the unfaltering perseverance of a nun telling her beads. I found that the best way to secure this regularity in exercise was simply to set aside a certain hour in the day when the exercises were to be done, never under any circumstances to permit anything to interfere with that period, and, during the remainder of the day, not even to mention those exercises.

My husband and I made it an ironclad rule never to discuss in the family circle Adaline's treatments, exercises, or operations. The whole thing could so easily have become the family's central theme. We took all her treatments for granted and never behaved toward the surgical operations as though they were spectacular events. There was no build-up for any of it. And children (bless them for it at times, pity them at others) so quickly patterned after the example set them that Adaline and her two brothers and sister took the whole business with amazing juvenile composure. At such times as Adaline was a hospital patient, the other children visited her and took her toys and games, but all emphasis was placed on how glad we should be when she came back home, never on how much we pitied her for what she was undergoing. If adults treat surgical scars and stitches as commonplaces, children are unlikely to find them very absorbing.

The greatest difficulty we encountered came from fond adult relatives. Somehow, although no hope of Adaline's complete cure was ever held out to us and we had made this quite clear to all her aunts, uncles, and grandparents, there were some of them who watched each of the four operations with the confidence that absolute perfection would be the result. Their subsequent head-shaking and muttering, because each time there had been only a reasonable improvement, made me want to strangle them. Apparently they refused to understand what we had undertaken. They would exclaim, "Another operation!" Their tone implied that we had tried surgery once, and, since it could work no miracle, we should abandon it forthwith. But then they settled down all over again to wait for a miracle after the next operation.

False Sentiment

From hospital campaign posters, from fiction, and from the cinema, I judge that nothing so appeals to the sympathies of adults as a lame child. A little boy with a crutch is a sure tear jerker, a dependable purse opener. Well, the campaign posters, the fiction, and the cinema are all the work of adults. If you wish to pity a lame child, pity him for what he is living toward, rather than because he is cut off from normal pleasures of childhood; for, as long as the child can and will get about

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to play at all, he seems pathetic neither to himself nor to his youthful friends.

Time and again I watched Adaline at play with her brothers and sister and the neighbors' children and felt positively humble at the philosophical wisdom with which her contemporaries recognized and disposed of her limitation. I applied constantly the things I learned as an unseen pupil of these children. This was their sane viewpoint: There were certain things Adaline couldn't do, but that needn't matter too much, because there were other things she could do. When they organized games they gave her the parts she *could* play. If, sometimes, they wanted to play a game in which there was no part she could take, why that was perfectly all right with everybody, because they all knew and she did too that they liked her and that after a while they would again do something in which she could join. When she fell, as she so often did at play, they asked, "Are you hurt?" And, when she wasn't, things went on just as though there had been no interruption.

Taking the family cue from the group of children, I kept around the home an ample supply of games Adaline could enjoy — parchesi, ball and jacks, and so on, but also a table-tennis set, three pairs of roller skates, and all the usual paraphernalia for active children. Never, never was I guilty of saying, "Oh, now, don't play *that;* play something Adaline can enjoy too."

It seems to me that, if there is any person in the world who needs both physical and mental courage, it is the individual who has a physical disability. I carried on an unobtrusive campaign to keep Adaline from being inhibited by fear. The first step was pets — kittens and dogs. When she was eight, we bought a Shetland pony for all the children. Adaline learned to ride and drive him. She didn't ride very well, of course, but I think her control over that docile beast gave her a certain self-confidence. When she was twelve, she was taught to swim. She's no wonderful swimmer but she's perfectly capable of taking care of herself in water. And, when she was sixteen, she learned to drive an automobile. I had a real qualm the first time I saw her drive off alone in the car, but she got back with herself and the car intact and finally became a really excellent driver.

No Favoritism

The hospital campaign poster and the fiction and cinema give us a second erroneous impression concerning the lame child — that he is essentially a saint. The artist and the author don't actually contribute a halo in strokes of the brush or in words, but they do their work in such a way that the halo is almost palpably there. Well, that halo doesn't belong. A lame child has just as much talent for selfishness, conceit, untruthfulness, or any other unpleasant characteristic as a robust child. Adaline was no better and no worse than my other three children. I insisted on exactly the same standards of behavior for her that I held for the others and I kept to this in every last detail.

For instance, in our home it has always been understood that each child puts away his playthings after he's done with them. Adaline loved dragging out every toy in the place and playing from this profusion of material, and she hated clearing up after her play. Often I should really have liked to put things away for her or to direct one of the other children to do it, because the actual work of gathering up the playthings and stowing them required a lot more physical effort from her than from the other children. But I didn't succumb to this mistaken kindness. I believed that Adaline should have the same responsibility toward the neatness of our one-maid establishment that the other children shouldered.

In toys, clothes, spending money, and such matters, Adaline fared as well as her brothers and sister but no better. I wanted to be certain not to give her the impression that she could rely on material possessions to make up to her for her lameness. Here again, adult relatives were disapproving of my Spartan attitude. My mother said to me, "If she were my child, I'd give her anything she wants. Let her be as happy as she can now; there's time enough later on for her to suffer." In other words, let her grow up a spoiled hellion whom her brothers and sister will detest, and, when she's an unbearable adult, she can find out to her

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sorrow that the world won't give her everything she wants just because she's lame.

I suppose most children quarrel. Mine did. Adaline could take care of herself very competently at such times, and I never made any move to act as her champion. I always thought that if her quarrels ever came to blows I should have to go in and defend her. I'm glad to say that this emergency never arose. There I saw the innate wisdom of the reasoning of children over that of nations. The other three children had a few actual fights, but none of the three ever touched the one who was unarmed.

School Days

Adaline was nearly ten before she could go to school. Until then I taught her at home. Her brothers and sister watched very carefully to see that her education had no gaps; if they found she wasn't learning at home something they were learning at school, they instantly became her instructors.

When the time came for her to enter school, I never even considered a special institution for her. Was there any special world in which she could live? I sent her to the same day school her brothers and sister attended. Yes, there were school activities in which she could have no part. Yes, her feelings were sometimes hurt. But daily she was being judged by standards for normal children. I believe that, unless a child's physical defect is of a nature that makes learning through ordinary instruction impossible — the way blindness and deafness do — a special school is a mistake. I have seen a bus load of crippled children being transported to a school for cripples. I wonder. Is there a crippled world for them to live in later?

In the cultivation of any special talents or interests Adaline showed, I know I was considerably more zealous than I should have been had she been physically perfect. Because I knew that a good many interesting doors would always be closed to her, I was watchful to see that anything she did like and could enjoy she should be able to explore as far as she wished.

When Adaline was nine, a friend of mine, returning from the Orient, brought my two little girls some Japanese dolls and bamboo doll furniture. Adaline loved these and began asking questions about Japanese children. From then on for several months the books that I brought her weekly from the public library usually included some juvenile material on the Orient.

Although she had not much talent for playing, Adaline liked music. I saw to it that she had piano lessons — enough to enable her to appreciate analytically what pleased her ear; I took her to children's operas and concerts; I bought her gramophone records of the simpler symphonies and a child's book giving the stories of the operas and their best-known arias.

The only definite talent Adaline showed was in drawing. She did so well with her little sketches and especially with caricature (remember that a warped body frequently houses a fine sense of humor) that I had trouble with her adult relatives. They decided she was a genius! Yes, they actually talked about blessings in disguise and began to point out the various geniuses who had had maimed bodies.

I am extremely unsympathetic with all blessings-in-disguise theories and I have the same patience with those who regard ordinary intelligence on the part of a cripple as outstanding brilliance as I do with those people who can't get past the hurdle of physical imperfection and are unable to think of a deformed person as anything but mentally subnormal. I wanted Adaline to draw just because she enjoyed doing it and because it could make her present and future life fuller. If, later on, she could do something more with it, all right. But I wasn't going to permit her relatives to oblige her to be an artist. Diplomatic relations with some of them grew pretty strained over this point just as, when Adaline came out with a high I.Q. in some intelligence tests, I had quite some difficulty in restraining two of her aunts from convincing her that, although she was lame, she had the best brain in our family.

I have named three instances of my avidity to extend any of Adaline's special interests so that her mental life would be enriched. There are dozens of possible examples. Of course, what I did is only what any parent should do for any child. And nearly all parents

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do follow this policy in general. I simply applied it ceaselessly in Adaline's education. And my enthusiasm for her mental development certainly reaped benefits for my three normal children; I could not be so alive to Adaline's interests without, in great measure, taking the same attitude toward the other youngsters.

Popularity and Jealousy

With no coaching in self-pity and with no emphasis except the necessary physical one ever placed on Adaline's handicap, it was not until late adolescence that her lameness appeared truly tragic to her. During childhood it had been merely something that kept her from running and playing certain games, but when she was in the neighborhood of sixteen she began to grow sensitive about her condition and to have many unhappy hours because of it.

Of course all this came at the time Adaline should have started going out with boys — and didn't. There were several lads who liked well enough to come in and, say, work algebra problems with her in the afternoon or be her partners in card games and so on in the group at our home in the evening. But taking her out — a date — was another question. Now, except for her lameness, Adaline was as attractive in every way as her older sister, who had beaux galore. Adaline realized this, and missing out on the complete social popularity that any young girl desires was a bitter dose to her.

I found that there was almost nothing I could do to soften this blow. Let her popular sister see to it that Adaline did have dates? Any number of times my older daughter came to me in perplexed distress and asked if she should do this. My answer was an emphatic negative. I knew that Adaline would see through any such plan and that it would hurt her pride greatly. Moreover, I didn't attribute the situation to either the cruelty of youth or Adaline's lameness but, rather, to some inhibition arising from that lameness.

For a time I did what seemed the kind and tactful thing to do: On evenings when Adaline's sister was going to a dance or a very special party, I made it a point to have plans for Adaline to do something that she would very much enjoy — go to a concert or a play or even depart for a week-end visit with nearby relatives. Now, for any one of these plans she would ordinarily have had enthusiasm, but when hurt pride was at high pitch she viewed them all as expressions of pity and endured them with the stoicism of a tortured Indian. I had to abandon this program and just stand by and let moments of misery wear themselves out.

There was only one thing I could do, and that was try to prevent the sensitiveness Adaline was acquiring from coloring her entire mental outlook. This was difficult, because she was developing a certain protective shell and avoiding discussions that might scratch its surface.

It was Adaline's winning of a certain scholastic competition that gave me my entering wedge. Her only formidable rival in this contest was a very pretty, a lovely girl who was one of the school's shining social lights. Adaline's gloating on victory over this girl was positively alarming and I determined to do something about it.

"Just why are you so glad to win out over Lucille?" I asked her.

Taken off guard, she answered exactly what was in her heart: "Oh, well, she may be the most popular girl at school parties, and all the boys may be crazy about her, but I showed her that she can't have everything."

That answer was all I needed. I launched a long talk I'd been waiting for. I told Adaline in so many words that she must take care that she didn't let a lame body result in a lame mind, that her only true victory would come when and if she could be sure that her reactions to life were those of a person without any physical disability. These were plain words, hard to say and hard for Adaline to hear, and she listened to them with that same impregnable expression she had been cultivating lately. I merely said my say without embellishment and when I finished I wasn't one bit certain that I'd done any good. But I soon saw that I had. I believe that from the day of that talk Adaline never sat and made faces at anything until after she felt convinced that her attitude did not spring from looking at life around the obstacle of her own handicap.

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The Fledgling Grows Up

Secretly I always hoped that Adaline would want to be self-supporting. I thought that financial independence would give her an assurance that nothing else could. I never urged this on her, because I did not want her to feel that her success or failure would be measured in any such terms. When she entered the same large nearby university that her brothers and sister attended, I watched hopefully to see her take a burning interest in her work there. A career in academic circles would have been perfectly compatible with my wishes for her and still would have been a life somewhat sheltered and protected.

Adaline did well enough in her university work, but she certainly showed no disposition toward research or pedagogy. She always enjoyed her Saturday classes at the art institute more than she did her academic studies. She had started this work during her last year in preparatory school, and I must admit that it gave me a thrill of success to see her go off alone to the Loop every Saturday, although at first I had been a little timid about her crossing streets in traffic jams, standing up on crowded elevated trains, and so on. But, when my frail one, at the end of her second year at the university, announced that she'd prefer not to continue there and wanted to go to New York for six months of art work and then to Paris to study design for a year, I was left mentally gasping.

Well, here was certainly physical and mental independence! At the age of twenty she no longer felt the need to be near a protecting arm. This was a little more than I had bargained for. My maternal instinct protested against Adaline's plan, but I turned a deaf ear to my maternal instinct and likewise to the incredulous and almost organized indignation of Adaline's uncles, aunts, cousins, and grandparents, I helped Adaline carry out her plans to the letter.

She had not been gone from home more than a month when I knew from the tone of her letters that her battle was won. Away from all her own people, from everybody who had obligations toward her because of family associations, for the first time in her life she was making friends with people in the confidence that they would like her, if at all, for herself alone. Whatever social inhibitions she had harbored were dropping away from her in this new freedom. I shall always remember how very casually she mentioned it when first she began going out with young men: "I went this evening with a boy from my class to see a French film at a little movie theater." No further explanations or descriptions, but she wanted me to know.

The year in Paris accented further this healthful freedom. Here, as in New York, Adaline's broad interests stood her in good stead. There were so many things she could do and so many things she was interested in that there was not much time to worry over those doors that must always be closed to her. When she returned from Europe she was as free from self-consciousness, as poised and assured as any young woman of 22 could possibly be. In her early training she had been given freedom from mental and physical fear; she had been taught that the world is rich in a variety of interests; and when she grew sufficiently mature to see, recognize, and shake off her self-imposed shackles she had done the rest for herself.

Today, at 27, Adaline does hard work that she likes very much in the interior-decorating department of a large store. She's extremely capable in both her business and personal life. She isn't married and she has had proposals. I rather think she will marry within the next few years. I can honestly say that I feel saddened over nothing about her except the remembrance that I was not wise enough to find some way to make happy those years of her late adolescence.

Not long ago I was with her in a group where one thoughtless and, I insist, stupid person referred scornfully to somebody as a cripple. Afterwards I mentioned to Adaline the twinge of pain that remark had given me.

She looked at me in genuine astonishment and said, "You suffered for my feelings when that remark was made? Why, you needn't have! It was a triumph for me. The man who said that isn't ever intentionally unkind; he was sitting right there in the room with me but had forgotten all about my lameness."

She was right. He had forgotten. And so do a good many people forget most of the time when they are with her. This is because she forgets it so superbly herself.

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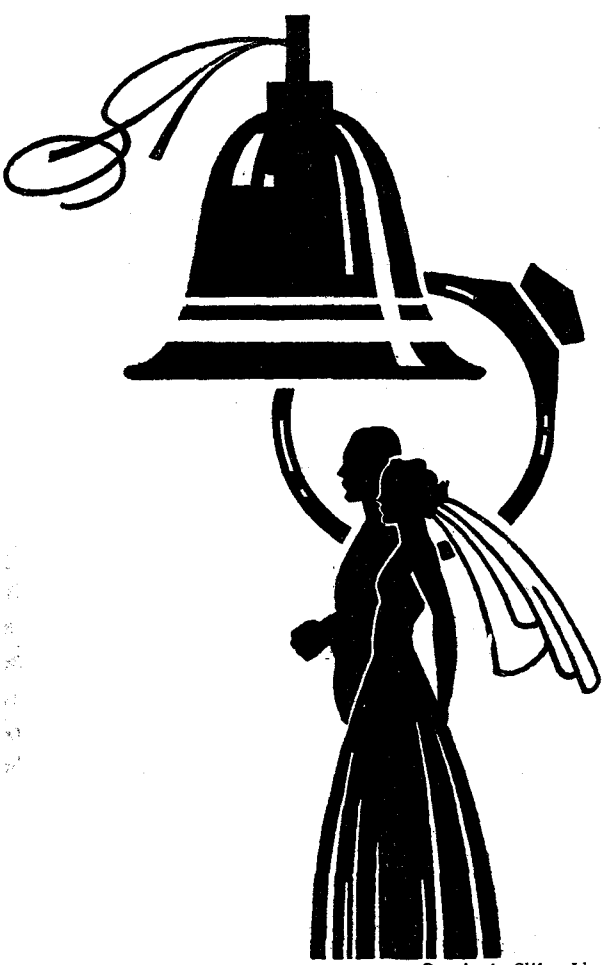
Morals in Marriage

A Debate

I—Sexual Adjustment vs. Erotic Anarchy

***by* HORNELL HART**



Drawing by Clifton Line

WE AGREE — my opponent in this argument and I, as well as most students of these problems — on certain important fundamentals.

First, sexual behavior should be founded on sincerity, not on hypocrisy. We want to face reality, not hide behind pretense or wishful thinking.

Second, we agree that dogmatic religious sanctions for sex conduct have been losing their power. What Moses forbade on Sinai 2,500 years or so ago can hardly be accepted as conclusive on Main Street today. The patriarchal prohibitions of Paul of Tarsus lack finality in an era when women vote and earn their pay checks.

Third, we agree that this slackening of traditional controls has gone with a widespread increase in sexual intercourse outside marriage, particularly on the part of women in the economically comfortable and intellectually educated classes.

Fourth, we agree that erotic anarchy is not bringing glorious and triumphant living to its devotees. Mr. Calverton doesn't headline it, but incidental admissions slip out in his lectures and writings that large numbers of sex libertarians are making rather tragic messes of their lives and that the social groups which they dominate are trending toward decay and chaos.

Horace M. Kallen wrote a chapter for *The Sex Life of the Unmarried Adult* in which he pointed out the great and increasing extent to which "old pagan sex-ways" prevail, asking rhetorically, "And why should they not?" But he closes his chapter with the sad observation that "there is no indication that men and women cause each other less misery [in Russia] than elsewhere."

Ellen Key, prophet-priestess of the right to love freely, observed toward the close of her career:

> With most soulmates of the present day, the right to happiness has turned out to be a trivial desire for fresh stimulation. The right to live one's own

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life has resulted in vulgar gratifications of silly desire.

Dora Russell found that sex radicals, "even those who imagine themselves free of all prejudice . . . alternate between coarseness and self-pitying disgust."

Fifth, we agree that mental confusion and bewilderment on what to do about these problems are widespread.

And, sixth, we agree that marriage is on the increase and that the longing for a full and lasting marriage is widely prevalent, even among those who lead illicit lives.

Ernest W. Burgess concludes, in his sociological chapter in *The Sex Life of the Unmarried Adult*, that the sexual and family behavior of the American people will in all probability continue to be molded by the conception that "the highest personal happiness comes from marriage, based on romantic love."

At this point the agreements between Mr. Calverton and me terminate. Calverton and his allies represent the anarchistic trend erupting in sex relations. Judaism and Christianity embodied a revulsion against the orgiastic cults of paganism. Self-mastery, and discipline of the life energies for the sake of high achievement have characterized the creativity of Christendom. This harnessing of power to undertakings larger and more permanent than the individual human body has put a severe strain on those who have confronted these high imperatives. The intellectual framework of Christianity has depended on tradition and dialectic. Science has forced a thorough reconstruction of that framework. As the old system of ideas has weakened, life energies have been bursting through the sluices which once conveyed them to the powerhouse. The libertarians have thought: Now we shall find happiness by escaping from the behavior patterns which have hampered us! And, when they have discovered that confusion, suffering, and tragedy have resulted from repudiating discipline, they have been prone to take refuge in resentful or cynical defeatism.

But the rationality of life has not disappeared merely because certain ancient attempts to put that rationality into human action patterns have proved inadequate. There is no need to throw up our hands and cry quits merely because neither coercive asceticism nor erotic anarchy are adequate patterns for rich living. The longing of the male and the female bodies for each other is not a blind Tantalus lure. It is one aspect of a tendency which underlies the entire creativity of the universe.

II

THESE BODIES — what are they made up of? Organs; and these are made of cells; and cells of molecules; molecules of atoms; atoms of electrons, protons, and the like.

Start, then, with electrons. One of their basic characteristics is their tendency to organize into higher units. They have an inveterate tendency to take up functional relations with protons. When one electron takes up its orbit around its proton nucleus, hydrogen comes into being. When eight electrons revolve around their protonic nucleus, we have oxygen. But, once these atoms of hydrogen and oxygen are formed and given suitable conditions, they too exhibit the inveterate tendency to organize into still higher units. Two atoms of hydrogen and one of oxygen unite to form a molecule of water. No sooner are these water molecules formed and given suitable conditions than they begin to organize into a more elaborate pattern — the infinitely versatile and twelve-folded symmetry of snow crystal. But molecules do more than form crystals; they organize functionally into cells. And cells continue the inveterate trend toward higher organization by forming colonies and, ultimately, organisms. Organisms begin to specialize and co-operate in colonies of a higher order. Then, with the specialization of male and female, sex life begins; and, with the gradual lengthening of infancy, the family comes into being. But the organizing process does not leave off there. Families begin to specialize and co-operate in colonies, clans, and tribes; tribes unite into nations; nations form into continent-spanning empires and republics. At length, during the past eighteen out of some hundreds of millions of years, the empires have been extending the age-old process of their fumbling and groping moves toward the formation of a world-encompassing international government.

The sex-impelled couple cannot be isolated from the vast processes of which they are inextricably and organically a part. The brains in which they are conscious of their love-making are made of atoms identical in essence with those identified by astronomers on stars

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billions of miles away. Their bodies were each once single-celled animals, which grew by cell division. The fulfillment of their lives cannot be achieved by ignoring either the biological or the sociological processes of which they are a part.

Here, then, we find a clue to a formula for successful living. The problem of life is how to weave the patterns of one's body and one's personality with creative harmony into the emerging patterns of one's surroundings — physical, biological, cultural, and social. This basic rule can be tested fairly simply. What are the high and memorable experiences in life? Are they not such as these: to discover a new friend; to graduate from college with distinction; to be sought out by a job which offers challenge, achievement, and reward; to discover that one is loved supremely by one to whom one has given supreme love; to establish a home of one's own as a center of fellowship and a fulfillment of long dreams; to achieve the birth and the continuing successful growth of a longed-for child; to see the work of one's hands and one's brain attain fulfillment and recognition; to be loved and honored by one's fellow men? And why are these crests in living high? Is it not because they each and all involve the widening harmony of the growing personality with the larger patterns of which it is a part.

But what are the stark tragedies of life? Being crippled in an automobile crash, flunking out in school, being betrayed by a friend, undergoing the major psychological operation of divorce, being fired from the job to which one has given one's best years, losing one's home, being publicly disgraced — is not the unspeakable suffering of such things as these due to the rupture of the functional linkages out of which life is built?

Life needs to be thrilling. Thrills come from functioning vividly and intensely with our bodies, our minds, our personalities. But he who seeks thrills in reckless disregard of the future of the biological and social structures through which he functions begins to crash. His ecstasy is turned to misery.

III

Mankind has tried an amazingly wide variety of patterns for his sexual and family life. As a sociologist, I am keenly and open-mindedly interested in any pattern which promises to bring continually growing vividness and richness of living. Thus far, painstaking search has failed to reveal any lasting successes in the swift swapping of sex partners, in ephemeral relationships which never take roots deep in the life processes of which we are a part. But I do know great numbers of people who find life rich, vivid, and growing in wholehearted and single-minded devotion to one life partner, in the making of a home which is a center of beauty and of community living, and in the rearing of loved children. Not many of them have a record of 100-per-cent perfection. But the joyful, hopeful, growing, and triumphant lives in my acquaintance are those founded on loyalty through thick and thin to one loved partner and on use of one's body as one's servant, not acceptance of it as one's master.

Hard to achieve? Certainly! It is hard to establish oneself as a successful lawyer, manufacturer, physician, banker, engineer, editor, musician, or grocer. Virile men do not lie down in poverty and failure merely because successful living is arduous. Why should anyone expect that successful sexual living should be slumped into by yielding to every momentary impulse?

Nature has a way of eliminating from the cosmic pattern those decadent individuals and institutions which fail to attain sufficient integration to perpetuate themselves. As social groups, the sexual libertines are notably sterile. Each individual is brought, ineluctably, to a cosmic choice. Will he bend his energies to fulfilling his place in the emerging patterns of the universe? Or will he deposit himself on the refuse pile of discarded failure?

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II—Marriage à La Mode

by **V. F. CALVERTON**

MR. HART, with a determination and a fury almost Biblical, has delivered a brimstonish defense of old-fashioned virtue which he fears is breaking down into new-fashioned vice. Like most prophets who are more interested in what *should be* than in what *is*, Mr. Hart bases his arguments on wish-fulfillment fictions instead of on unembellished facts.

The issue at stake, as I understand it, is not whether Mr. Hart's picture of domestic felicity is ideal but whether it is attainable by the vast majority of people who constitute society. This reminds me of a remark of one of my old Hopkins professors, who, to get a *rise* out of his class at the beginning of each semester, would invariably declare, with pontifical solemnity: "Monogamy is truly a great idea; I'd like to see it practiced sometime."

If marriage fulfilled itself in the ideal way Mr. Hart describes, there would be no point to this debate at all. The only reason for this discussion is that marriage is not fulfilling itself that way at the present time and reveals little promise that it will fulfill itself in that way in the near future.

Mr. Hart's position is simple. He believes that marriage is still undertaken by most people on the basis of permanency; that virginity is still a sacred issue with youth; and that adultery is still considered an unpardonable sin. Of course, I know that Mr. Hart would say that he is aware of the fact that many people today do not envision marriage, virginity, and adultery the way he does, but then he could add (which is what this quarrel is about) that they pay for their deviations from his standard of virtue not only by wrecking their own lives but also by ruining those of others. In short, deviate from Mr. Hart's norm, and what will happen to you and those irresolute persons who are influenced by your unhappy personality will be a dissolution of nerve fibers, followed by a growing chaos of personality, a weakening of will, a slipping away of vigor, a trituration of brain power, and finally an inevitable and ineluctable fitness for nothing short of a psychoanalyst or an insane asylum.

I was both amused and impressed when, at Wesleyan University some months ago, I sat on the platform and listened to Mr. Hart's descriptions of what happened to young girls who dared to deviate from conventional virtue and to young men who hazarded the mischievous paths of sexual independence, because, as he talked (and he talked eloquently, like a twentieth-century Cotton Mather), I knew that I could match every case he described by two which would prove the opposite. All Mr. Hart's cases were those of bright young things, of all three sexes, who had refused to listen to Mama and Papa and, intent on "going places and doing things," had ventured into the exasperatingly thorn-ridden field of love without sanctification of clergy or state. The results, as Mr. Hart described them, were most depressingly calamitous. They all just went to the dogs, and I don't mean maybe, either. I was glad that Mr. Hart and not I had to endure their agonies.

Now, I am not questioning the veracity of Mr. Hart's cases. I am sure they were all that he described them to be. What I am questioning is their validity as a source of sociological generalization. It would be just as easy for me to describe dozens of cases of young people and older people, too, who did the same things that Mr. Hart's people did but who suffered none of the pains, penalties, and degradations which his victims endured. In brief, Mr. Hart has based his argument on the experience of a group of people by no means typical — and certainly not universal enough to lend objectivity to such conclusions.

II

YOUNG PEOPLE today view marriage, contrary to Mr. Hart's opinions on the subject, as a contingent rather than a permanent arrangement, with divorce as an expeditious outlet in the event that the marriage proves intolerable. In addition, they view virginity as something which is no longer precious in the old-fashioned sense of the word and, aided by the contraceptive erudition of Margaret San-

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ger, find no difficulty in realizing that sex expression outside marriage can be a relatively pleasant and painless experience. Finally, as modern people grow up morally as well as mentally and the possessive element in sex becomes less obsessive, adultery begins to lose something of its sting; and, while few married couples recommend it as a strict necessity, more and more of them tend to condone it when it occurs — or, rather, when it is discovered. In fact, I know today of ten married couples (four of them university professors), eight of them the parents of several children, who have definitely agreed to have extramarital affairs but decided not to allow such affairs to interfere with their home life or their mutual affection for each other.

Now why have these couples and many thousands more come to such a conclusion and adopted such a practice? Because they still love each other's company psychologically and do not want to destroy the felicity of that association; physically, however, they no longer find each other able to supply the sustaining, vitalizing, challenging excitement which they need. In the past the husband would have gone out either with prostitutes or with "back street" women of dubious distinction and said nothing about it. Of course, if he were a Southern gentleman of historic vintage, such as Thomas Jefferson or George Washington, he would have solved the problem quite simply by making a number of the more engaging negresses on his plantation his concubines, which practice still remains, with slight variations, a good old Southern custom. The wife, on the contrary, would have suffered it all with Job-like fortitude and devotion.

What has happened to alter that situation is change not on the part of man but on the part of woman. So far as man is concerned, he would have preferred to cling to his double, triple, quadruple, and quintuple standard of morality. The development of the new woman, however, altered all that; and, since woman's emergence into a stage of political, educational, economic, and moral maturity, she has begun to have a say in what's what and why. Having realized, after all, that she is not just a pawn in man's hands but is a being in her own right, she has learned how to play the game of sex and marriage in man's way and not in Mother's way, which has been the cause of so much of our present moral and marital confusion.

It was not until 1857 that the first divorce court was opened in England. Even then and for decades afterward, divorce was the luxury of the wealthy. Desertion was the resort of the poor. Today, even the poor can afford divorce. It has become a recognized institution. Next to Japan, the United States, putatively the most democratic country in the world, is also the most divorce-conscious, which fact no doubt is intimately tied up with democracy within the sex sphere. At all events, the evolution of modern divorce is a result of feminine advance. Not more than twenty years ago my mother used to speak of divorced women as "indecent and immoral creatures," and my father, modern in every respect, even to the point of reading Karl Marx at breakfast, would say, "Ditto." Today, because we have a new woman on our hands — which reminds me of that marvelous epigram of Ambrose Bierce: "Oh to fall into the arms of women but not into their hands" — divorce has become respectable, and many undivorced women these days look with envy on their more favored sisters who have managed to be divorced and remarried at least once or twice.

III

At this point let's turn back to a few of Mr. Hart's apostrophes and animadversions. He contends that there is nothing better in life than the "wholehearted and single-minded devotion to one life partner, in the making of a home which is a center of beauty and community living, and in the rearing of loved children." Certainly no one can object to such a Pollyannish picture of marital bliss. Most people no doubt still hope (and should hope) to find such a partner. Some actually do. But the point is — our divorce records prove it and common experience confirms it — such discoveries are relatively rare. Even of the millions whose names never appear in divorce records it would be a mistake to say that their inactivity in that respect is due to a greater happiness quotient. In many cases (and this applies to most of our sisters, nieces, and aunts) their inactivity is due to other factors: a greater, often a marathonic, endurance capacity; a mental or moral inertia; or, as is often the case, a love of economic security, which so often proves the greatest love of all.

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The old woman as compared with the new woman belonged to a different psychological species. She believed in endurance as the test of virtue. No matter how horrible the husband — be he drunkard, libertine, eunuch, dope addict, wife beater, bore — he had to be stuck to; and *stuck* in most cases his wife was. The new woman, on the contrary, experiments very frequently with a bit of "companionate" marriage first, just to find out how things will be in the second lap; then if she decides on marriage it is on the basis of trial, which terminates if a trial is the result. The facts: 962,626 divorces in the United States between 1920 and 1930, 573,148 of which were granted to women.

Now, of course, the immediate retort is that men are so generous by nature that they allow the women to get the divorces. This may, in a number of cases be true — although during the same period 489,478 divorces were granted to men — but this, at the same time does not alter the fact that the divorces were granted, and it is with the divorces per se that I am concerned at this point. Between 1880 and 1890 only 120,983 divorces were granted — 71,883 to women, 49,100 to men. The increase, it is obvious, with all due consideration for population ratios, is tremendous.

Now what caused all this was woman, who by virtue of her growing economic independence and knowledge of birth-control technique found it possible to stand on her own legs, psychologically as well as physically. There is scarcely a field of economic endeavor which woman has not invaded in the twentieth century. There are women prize fighters today — or at least women who have attempted the art, women executioners, women boilermakers, women soldiers.

As a result of the change which woman's emancipation has occasioned, we are faced today with a shift from patriarchal to matriarchal ethics. It is that shift which is Mr. Hart's main concern. So long as men were the only deviators from conventional morality, moralists never became alarmed at the matter of sexual deviations and violations. The minute, however, that women began to deviate, men became alarmed — and they have been alarmed ever since. The early hope of various moralists had been that, with woman's emancipation, she would force man to become moral in the conventional sense of the word — a hope which, I suspect, will continue to remain that and nothing more. The dismay of the moralists has grown out of the realization that men have not adopted woman's morality but that women have adopted man's.

IV

Now this new woman does not believe, as Mr. Hart thinks she does, in seeking "thrills in reckless disregard of the future of the biological and social structures," with "ecstasy turned to misery"; on the contrary, having learned to protect herself as a sexual being, she knows how to achieve "thrills," to use Mr. Hart's word, without interfering with the biological and social structures and without having ecstasy turn into misery. She does not believe in the "swift swapping of sex partners, in ephemeral relationships," to quote Mr. Hart again, but at the same time she does not believe in clinging to permanent relationships which convert love into duty, joy into fortitude and make of daily life a form of spiritual pugilism. She believes in achieving a "growing vividness and richness of living" but she doesn't believe that that can be achieved by institutional loyalties which violate her inalienable right to happiness. Like Ibsen's Nora, she insists on being herself, realizing her own personality in her own way. She believes that her morality is more moral, because more honest and intrinsic, than that of her mother, who was moral because she hadn't the courage or intelligence to be otherwise. Further than that, she believes that her mother's morality was fundamentally immoral when she clung to the *form* of things, to their brittle husks, after she knew their substance was gone.

She is not interested in "erotic anarchy"; she is not concerned with "yielding to every momentary impulse"; but she is interested in and concerned with achieving a form of sex life, inside as well as outside marriage that harmonizes with her needs and desires. If she can find that harmony in the old-fashioned pattern which Mr. Hart believes is the only desirable pattern — well and good. But, if she can't, she will hazard a new pattern more in rapport with the nature of the life she wishes to lead — and hazard it without trepidation and fear of tragic consequences.

The new woman realizes that what we need

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today, to provide for the complex demands of modern life, is not only one new form of marriage but new forms, adaptable to the diverse tendencies and compulsions of both sexes. All women are not alike any more than all men are, and women today want their *un*likenesses respected as well as their likenesses. The new woman may not demand as did Galsworthy's modern woman, one man as her husband, another as her lover, and still another as the father of her children, but she does demand the right to live her life as freely and as fully as possible; and if she cannot find happiness within the monogamous pattern she will find it in some other pattern more harmonious with the demands of her personality.

III—Let's Face Reality

by HORNELL HART

THE ISSUE narrows down to one of fact. Mr. Calverton maintains that only rarely do people find true life partners, with whom rich living can be achieved in making a home founded on lasting loyalty. He asserts that the typical new woman knows how to achieve sexual excitement outside marriage without interfering with biological and social structures and without having ecstasy turn into misery. I deny these propositions. This issue cannot be decided on the basis of "wish-fulfillment fictions" on the part either of Calverton or of Hart.

Are joyful monogamous marriages rare? A study reported in *Recent Social Trends* showed that, among 7,412 marriages rated by a number of different persons who knew the couples well, 72 per cent were rated happy or very happy and only nine per cent unhappy or very unhappy. Katharine Bement Davis's study of 1,000 married women showed that 87 per cent reported their own marriages happy. Calverton implies that the adulterers were the happy ones. But "unembellished facts" contradict him. Dr. Gilbert V. Hamilton's study showed that only 29 per cent of the husbands who committed adultery had happy marriages, while 64 per cent of those who remained faithful were happy. Of the wives who committed adultery, only seventeen per cent were happy, while of those who remained faithful 54 per cent were joyful in marriage.

These new women who "know how to protect themselves" get into trouble with tragic frequency, according to "unembellished facts." The illegitimate birth rate has been rising more than 30 per cent per decade. Tens of thousands of babies each year are born out of wedlock, besides hundreds of thousands of painful, costly, and emotionally disorganizing abortions. The United States Health Service reported in 1935 that ten out of every 100 men at the age of 40 are in need of treatment for syphilis, in addition to those who need treatment for gonorrhea. The United States death rate from syphilis in the period from 1930 to 1933 was 2.4 times as high as from 1900 to 1903.

Where are those joyous libertines, to whom Mr. Calverton refers so confidently? Horace M. Kallen (certainly not a reactionary on this subject) recently circulated a questionnaire among radical, drifting, unmarried professional young people. He found that half the women and two thirds of the men admitted intercourse. Only two thirds of the women wanted to be married, and none of the men. Both sexes found their mode of life inadequate and unsatisfying, socially and hygienically. The women were anxious over the dangers of venereal disease and conception. Constant with the average girl was the fear of losing status in the eyes of her lover. "Will he respect me?" she asks, and Mr. Kallen finds it difficult to give an honest answer.

Let those who wish to follow Mr. Calverton and his allies do so freely — but with their eyes open.

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Life and Literature

The Drama

by **MARY M. COLUM**

THERE IS a conclusion that one cannot help coming to when one surveys the theater for the last couple of seasons, and that is that poetry is on its way back to the boards. It looks as if there would be a future for the man who can deal in language, who can give words sounds and wings, who writes other than the slickly commonplace dialogue that is the medium through which nearly all the playwrights express themselves.

When we mention poetry in the theater we come to what might be called the dilemma of the critics and the public with regard to a dramatist — Maxwell Anderson — who has achieved the stunning feat of having in the same winter three plays in verse on Broadway and who for two years running has received the award of the Critics' Circle. Undoubtedly there is, in his case, bewilderment mixed with interest and admiration. Some of the critics, certainly, did not vote for him at all, and among those who voted this year were several whose first choice was another play. The bewilderment of the audience in the presence of his work is not bewilderment before something that is startlingly new or that breaks the previous conventions of the theater; it is that of people who, while they are willing to acknowledge the seriousness and honesty of the dramatist's achievement, have grave doubts as to its actual and potential artistic worth.

It has always been a peculiarity of the more intelligent theatergoers that they are willing to accept a comedy as filling its role if it amuses an audience for a few months or a year; they do not really expect it to last. But the same theatergoers are likely to ask themselves, in the case of a serious play in verse, how long it is likely to last and not on the boards merely but on the printed page. The very fact that a play is in verse suggests that it is intended to be above the ordinary and that the mind producing it is above the ordinary, whereas the mind that produces a comedy seems somehow, in spite of the Molières and the Aristophaneses, to be like anybody else's.

Now in reality some of the comedy talents on Broadway cannot be equaled in any country in their invention and their abundance; something new has really been done with comedy on Broadway. On the other hand, the verse of Maxwell Anderson's plays is of a kind that could be written by a great many poets — and there are a great many poets in every city these days. It is careful and accomplished, with occasional flashes of inspiration, but generally dragged out too long after the fire is ended.

Maxwell Anderson has diligently studied dramatic verse, and this year he has got away from the obvious Shakespeareanism of *Winterset*, so that his lines have taken different tones and coloring. But his original faults remain, and these are of a kind that hard work and study cannot get over; they come from a lack of emotional and intellectual intensity. His poetry runs, as it were, a low temperature, too low for an authentic verse dramatist. It is not actually that his speeches are overlong, but they last beyond the duration of the thought

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and emotion and consequently have a long-drawn and frequently pedestrian movement. There is nothing left for the reverie or imagination of the hearer or reader to work on, to breed his own images with, for the author has left nothing unsaid.

A Native Fantasy

Of the three plays, *High Tor* is the best-written, *Wingless Victory* the most effective on the stage, and *The Masque of Kings* the most conventionally theatrical: it is at the same time the worst produced and, with the exception of the Franz Joseph of Dudley Digges, the most irregularly acted. *High Tor* is the most ambitious, for it is an attempt to write a fantasy in what might be called the classical American genre. The writing of a fantasy demands a combination of many variegated talents: a peculiar type of imagination, a sort of rational irrationalism, with humor and poetry. What might be called the classical tradition of fantasy in America is very Teutonic in its ingredients; it is, as a matter of fact, Dutch; it all goes back to Sleepy Hollow.

The legend of *High Tor* deals with Hendrik Hudson's lost ship, *Onrust*, whose crew is supposed to have lived on in the mountains of the Hudson side. Maxwell Anderson brings the wraiths of the crew on the stage in occupation of a mountain peak looking over the Hudson River, and their existence is bound up with the mountain's being kept intact. But, as the play opens, a trap-rock company, with the idea of disintegrating it into gravel, has designs on High Tor. The living and present-day characters who appear are concerned either with preserving High Tor or with exploiting it for money. The owner, Van Dorn, loves the mountain and resists selling it. To him the wraith of the Dutch captain's young wife, Lise, reveals herself, and the talk between these two makes the real poetry of the play. At the beginning the members of the crew believe they are alive; later they begin to doubt, and toward the end the woman does not know whether she is alive or not; finally the phantom ship comes, and the lost crew goes off on it. Van Dorn is left behind to sell, unexpectedly enough, his mountain and marry his practical sweetheart.

The verse in which Lise reveals that she knows herself as something kept in life by the power of memory and expectation has genuine poetry — in fact, it is the best poetry that the author has written in any of his plays:

If I had died
and left my bones here on the mountain-top
but had no memory of it, and lived on
in dreams, it might be as it is. As children
sure we were told of living after death,
but there were angels there, and onyx stone
paving an angel city, and they sang
eternally, no darkness and no sun,
nothing of earth. Now can it be men die
and carry thence no memory of death,
only this curious lightness of the hands,
only this curious darkness of the mind,
only to be still changeless with the winters
passing; not grey, not lined, not stricken down,
but stamped forever more on moving air,
an echo and an image? Restless still
with the old hungers, drifting among men,
till one by one forgotten, fading out
like an old writing, undecipherable,
we lose our hold and go. Could it be true?
Could this be how men die?

Now these are interesting lines, but I cannot say if they really could be got over the footlights, for the actress who said them did not get them over at all. In spite of their interest and in spite of their quality, the lines are not vital enough, though they represent the emotional apex of the play. They lack muscle: they are in half-tones instead of in full tones; the energy that shows itself in the full tone is not present. Without the power of getting this tone, what Yeats called manful energy, verse in plays can never be more than ornamental. The verse in Maxwell Anderson's plays does not seem to have an organic relation to the drama and has no inevitable connection with its emotions and its ideas.

I for one cannot help the feeling that all three plays would have been better in prose, not in ordinary conversational prose but in what Wordsworth and Gerard Manley Hopkins called a selection of the ordinary language of men heightened and exalted to the necessary degree, as everyday speech under stress of emotion and fancy is heightened and exalted. Many of the audience had no realization that the plays were written in verse. Now there is not the simplest or most unlearned member of an audience at a Shakespeare play or a Racine play or even a Yeats play who does not realize immediately that the characters are speaking verse, speaking on a plane instantly recognizable as poetry, for the verse in these cases is not only the soul but the body of the play.

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The Medea Story

It is not only Maxwell Anderson's but the misfortune of every dramatist writing plays in verse that the only standard of comparison we have for them are the works of the greatest masters. The second-rate play in verse dies a rapid death, whereas the second-rate comedy can keep the boards for years. But it is Maxwell Anderson's particular and self-chosen misfortune that in *Wingless Victory* he has taken the Medea story, the barbarian princess marrying the man of more civilized and ordered race and being abandoned by him, murdering her children. Immediately we have to compare his treatment of the story of the clash of differing civilizations with the *Medea* of Euripides, one of the most swiftly moving, most fiercely passionate works that has come out of the mind of man, the very greatest poetry, in which all sentimentalisms, all small adornments are left out. Put up against this, what becomes of the poeticized sentimentalisms, the lack of sharp reality, the uncomplex emotional reactions of *Wingless Victory?*

Maxwell Anderson follows step by step the incidents and characters in Euripides' play: Oparre, like Medea, is a barbarian princess who has saved from death a man of more advanced race, abandoning everything for him and even committing deeds of blood; she, like Medea is a "savage bride won in far seas and left." She goes with him to his own ordered land. In each case the pressure of the man's ambitions and the ideals of his civilization make her seem inferior, as he, in her civilization, seemed inferior. As Jason had his *Argo*, so Jonathan had his *Wingless Victory*. The barbarian princess in each case has two children; in each case the mother, feeling herself abandoned, works up a sort of hatred of the children because of their relation to the father: Oparre says to her children, "Never look like him if you would live," and in *Medea* the comment is: "Let not their mother meet them while her heart is darkened. Yesternight I saw a flame stand in her eyes as though she hated them." Both are represented as dowered with fierce loves and hates. Of Medea it is said in the play that "few shall stand her hate unscathed," while Maxwell Anderson makes his Oparre say: "Guard yourself well who take it on yourself to be an enemy of mine. My enemies have suffered more than I." In each play, after the mother has murdered the children the unhappy father arrives on the scene, and is overwhelmed by what he finds. But Medea in her winged chariot carrying off the bodies of the slain children is something that no modern dramatist could devise, and without such ending of harsh splendor the climax can be borne only by being sentimentalized, which is what Maxwell Anderson has done to it. His ending, with Jonathan regretting his abandonment of Oparre and belatedly following her to the ship, is the obvious one expected by the audience, as is the sentimental attachment of his brother to Oparre.

It is curious how much nearer, how much more comprehensible to us, how much more human, in spite of far time and place, in spite of winged dragons, genealogy from the gods, and magic garments from the sun, is the old Euripides play: we cannot help being convinced by every line of it, whereas every character in Maxwell Anderson's play is a bit incredible. But in spite of all said here it would be unsound to belittle the achievement of a man who has endeavored to treat high themes and who has brought verse to the Broadway stage in dramas that many discriminating people have been stirred by.

Baiting the Generals

It is hard to understand why some of the critics have put themselves on record as maintaining that Paul Green's *Johnny Johnson* was better than the Anderson plays. It had, to be sure, fire and imagination, invention, satirical power, and that common enough modern emotion, indignation. Yet, with all this, one could not help the conviction that it was the work of a gifted amateur, for it lacked the sort of experience or wisdom or sophistication that the subject entailed.

The play was an attempt to show the futility of war, but, to satirize war and make generals and war makers figures of fun, one has to know more about them or at least have more ability to make them seem real than the author of *Johnny Johnson* was able to show. The fact is that generals and statesmen, no matter what anyone says against them, have to be highly gifted men with a great knowledge of the world and their own calling. In addition they are generally on the popular side, for — let us not delude ourselves — war has always been popu-

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lar, so popular that some have imagined it to be an elemental necessity like hunger and love. To banish out of the world things so popular as war and uniforms one has to do a lot more in a play than make generals and statesmen appear childish; in fact, to banish war, to banish something that gives so many people a thrill, we shall have to alter our civilization.

The Propaganda Plays

The need to alter modern civilization is the theme of many of our plays, in one way or another. There are two types of plays of social criticism current, one the comparatively innocuous type which attacks the economic structure of the world — I call these innocuous because they always propose a remedy in which the authors intensely believe — and the other, much more disturbing, which attacks subtly the whole spiritual structure of modern life and whose authors have no panacea to offer. Such a play is *The Ascent of F.6*, by W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood, a play which has not yet been produced in this country. Its creed that life is not worth while reaches a depth of pessimism compared with which the academic pessimism of philosophers is a pleasant meditation. Says its hero:

> O, happy the foetus that miscarries and the frozen idiot that cannot say "mama"! Happy the runover in the street today or the drowned at sea or the sure of death tomorrow from incurable disease.

This speech is delivered by a mountain climber who is brother to a prime minister. The F.6 of the play is a great unconquered mountain, haunted, according to superstition, by a demon which will destroy anyone who aims at getting to its summit. But the European power that gets there will dominate the country around and all its resources. The prime minister, the politician, decides to get his brother, the dreamer, who has always wanted to climb this mountain, to conquer it in the interest of imperialism. The dreamer knows that by conquering the mountain he will only add to the illusion and the slavery of the world. On the way up, one by one his companions perish, and he himself dies before he reaches the topmost peak. The play ends with the votaries of power and national prestige and all the sentimentalisms mouthing praises of him and of Honor, Duty, Service, Sacrifice, all the words that he knew perpetuated man's slavery.

This play has real originality in conception and technique; it uses such modern devices as the radio very effectively, and in two everyday characters, Mr. and Mrs. A, with their comment in rhymed verse with colloquial rhythms, we have a chorus that goes naturally with the action. This especial kind of chorus and the colloquial verse were originally an invention of T. S. Eliot's, and show once more the remarkable influence of that poet on contemporary verse experiments. We can say of *The Ascent of F.6*, as of Archibald MacLeish's *The Fall of the City*, that it is certainly a forerunner of a new type of drama.

The WPA Theater

Another sign that poetry is on its way back to the stage is to be observed in the accomplished reading of verse in the WPA productions. This was notable last year in T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*, and this year it is even more notable in the production of Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*. The players said their lines in the manner of people who knew their poetry and loved it.

There are almost as many ways of reading poetry as there are of composing tribal lays, and the only one of them that is wrong is where the speaker has to be taught the sound and meaning of verse by some outside instructor. The only real interpreters of poetry are those who bring the interpretation from within. Of all the things that differentiate poetry from prose, the most important are the sound, the rhythm, and the tone. Therefore the intensity of thought and emotion which the poet has put into the lines must be conveyed by the speaker's voice.

This was extraordinarily well achieved in *Doctor Faustus* by Orson Welles, whose almost uninterrupted recital as Faustus was a most impressive verse recital. This young actor's accomplishment in verse speaking and in the production of a verse play is one of the promising things of the American theater. Indeed, the whole performance of *Doctor Faustus* was remarkable not only in its stage invention but in the enthusiasm of both audience and actors. The audience was patently fascinated by the performance of a play remote from it in characters and philosophy and at the same time remote from the Shakespearean drama which must have been its standard. Like the

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production last year of *Murder in the Cathedral*, *Doctor Faustus* showed that there is a fine audience for poetry in the theater.

However, one is bound to add that the showing made, on the whole, by the WPA theater unit has not this year been up to what was expected of it: no doubt the fundamental reason for the theater unit's existence is to give employment, and in the offices there seem to be armies of people grinding away — secretaries, play readers, stage designers, stage managers, electricians, cabinet filers, dressers, booters, hatters, all looking as if they were engaged in some transcendent operations. The only person left out of the proceedings appears to be the playwright. The WPA has done practically nothing toward the discovery and production of original contemporary plays, and unless it does this it cannot be said to be doing a serious job. The one or two produced or announced for production appear to be by some of the executives of the project.

Then there are a couple of sectional theaters in the WPA, such as the Yiddish Theater and the Irish Theater. What are they doing? The Irish Theater has announced some Bernard Shaw, but there is nothing novel for New York in Shaw plays, and, in any case, a New York Irish group would be the last that would be able to produce Shaw effectively. These sectional theaters ought to make an effort to justify their separate existences other than producing a few theater-worn plays, like a college dramatic society. The WPA has a wonderful audience, an audience that the Broadway theater seldom gathers in.

Other Plays of the Season

Outside the WPA audience, the most interesting and interested group of the public was to be found at *Marching Song*, which was, in a way, far the best of what are known as the proletarian plays. The play's hard sincerity and conviction made it impressive even to people for whom its political and social ideas were anathema. The author, John Howard Lawson, in the dramatization of the crowd really broke new ground: the attempt often made to put a mass movement on the stage was actually achieved in *Marching Song*. Both the acting and the stage designing were original: the abandoned factory that was the scene of the play, with the great unstirring wheel at the back, not only was actual, as every good piece of staging should be, but had a symbolic quality.

Except for *You Can't Take It with You*, which was the most mellow, the most intelligent, and the most entertaining comedy produced on Broadway, the bulk of the comedies belonged to what a producer terms the "barefaced" drama, which is characterized as "novel, brash, colloquial, fast, and humorous," and is especially characteristic of America. Every year on Broadway, he tells us, there are variants of it. *Brother Rat* is a member of this class in good standing. As a matter of fact, this play does represent a particular characteristic of the American mentality, a characteristic which used to be quite common in other kinds of writing besides drama. Perhaps Mark Twain began it with Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer; the day before yesterday it was represented in the novel by Booth Tarkington. It might roughly be described as an inordinate interest in adolescence and the adolescent point of view, a rather unintelligent adolescent point of view at that.

Brother Rat was written by two young men in their senior year at a military institute. It would be unthinkable that two cadets of Saint Cyr or Sandhurst should write a play so innocent of all intelligent values or of any interest outside of proms, girls, drill, and ball games — I search in vain for any other item that means anything in their world. If one could imagine all the characters transmogrified into puppies or kittens, they could hardly act more elementarily. Yet the play is a pleasant means of passing an evening, for it has the great virtue of exuberance. Given the same subject, no youthful French or English dramatist could get such exuberance. The reason, perhaps, is that in old countries adolescence is a period of preparation for life, an overburdened period at that, and here it is a period of life in itself, looked forward to from childhood, looked back at from middle age.

The Women really represents the other side of the picture with which the audience was enchanted in the school play. In Clare Booth's comedy the women were bred to be perpetual adolescents; their imaginations and emotions were never developed, and when they grew out of the college-prom age and into married life the only interests they could rise to were beauty parlors, gown shops, night clubs, bridge

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parties, and casual affairs of sex. Growing older without maturing, they became merely what the author in her preface describes as "advocates of the hackneyed, devotees of the wisecrack, high priestesses of the banal . . . vulgar and dirty-minded and alien to grace." The play is exceedingly clever, original, and ingenious; it assembles and parades all the interests that belong to the immature and parasitic woman. The weakness of the play is in the lack of invention in the last act; instead of ending, it merely breaks off. And for all its cleverness and quick-mindedness it has no more literary merit than *Brother Rat*.

You Can't Take It with You was by all odds the best comedy of the year, and yet it has the drawback that every character in it is laughable. This may seem a peculiar indictment to bring against a comedy, but what makes the great comedies memorable and perennial — those of Molière, Congreve or Sheridan — is that they have some characters that we cannot laugh at. But *You Can't Take It with You* is a play full of invention, good humor, and such delightful characters that we like being in their company. In addition, the play is so well written that we can enjoy reading it, and it has even more of suspense in the printed page than on the stage.

The Drama of the Year

Too late for the deliberate consideration which is really due it comes the published version of Archibald MacLeish's radio verse play, *The Fall of the City*. From the day of its single performance on the radio, April 11, there has been no doubt in my mind that this is the most valuable dramatic offering of the year. Even the best of the Broadway plays left the mind a little weary — they were all too dragged out. But this drama, written in thrilling, swift-moving, intense verse, left the mind tingling with excitement.

However, owing to the newness of the art, neither the poet nor the reciters of his verse seemed quite to have mastered the technique of getting the drama wholly over to the audience. In spite of their beautiful speaking of the verse, the players in their one performance had not quite got into their imaginations a method proper to the delivery of such a play — which lines should be most stressed to carry over the meaning. And, on his side, the poet, with all his surprising achievement, has not made it sufficiently easy for an audience depending solely on its ears to follow it. Hence some of the disappointed accounts rendered by the critics of this remarkable play.

Now what should the poet and the producer aim at doing in this new dramatic art? Should the audience be given some inkling of what the play is about by the radio announcer? Should certain lines be reiterated from time to time like a refrain? Should there be a leitmotiv? Could the Mallarmé idea of the orchestration of verse be aimed at? I ask these questions without being able to guess an answer. Certain it is that something was wanting to make the whole significance and effectiveness that is in the text come over the radio. Of course, no play would be expected to get under way on only one production; and it is only after a few performances that *The Fall of the City* could be expected to reveal itself.

The theme of the play is the loss of liberty, the willingness of the crowd to give up its liberty, and the poet gives symbols and meanings to ideas vaguely felt by his audience and translates them into strong and stirring verse which has the "manful energy," the full tones, that dramatic verse should have. There is in *The Fall of the City* a visual quality that compels us to see what is being told — the crowd in the city, the birds flying above, the priests on the pyramid, the entrance of the conqueror.

In that half-hour of April 11 on the radio there happened something very important for all poetry, the waking up again of the poet's audience; for poetry is meant to be interpreted by the human voice, and for a long time past the audience had been dying off because the human voice had been lacking. "What poet ever lived," asks MacLeish, "who was really satisfied with writing thin little books to lie on the front-parlor tables?" What poet ever lived, one may ask, who could be satisfied to spend the best hours of his life, the intensest passion of his mind in making sounds and rhythms just to be read in the end as if they were any piece of print?

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The Progressive Education of a Parent

by **MARY OLIVE JONES**

In New York City, the school problem is a difficult one. And following the crash — which had practically washed us out — it was a particularly difficult one.

Concerning schools, we had no set convictions, one way or the other. We were anxious only to give our boy the best possible training we could afford. So we pored over catalogues and bent attentive ears to other parents.

All about us we were hearing loud talk, more and more as time went on, of Progressive education. Our pediatrician was consultant for one Progressive school, and his enthusiasm (he was a bachelor) carried weight. True, his school was too large and expensive for us, but there were others as well recommended. We debated the question.

Here, if we could believe half of it, was a new method of education, firmly launched. A method that struck a fresh and interesting note and promised much. Its concepts gave hope and assurance that it was not only a more complete but a less restrained schooling than we had struggled through.

The catalogues were lively, colorful — mostly pictures. We read with interest:

> The deepest objective of this School's philosophy is the preservation of the individuality of each child. The School provides an environment stimulating to creative activity and teachers aware of psychological implications. Thus the child can develop truly, keeping the vitality of his distinctive personality, and at the same time find his socialized place amid the complexities of the modern world.

And again:

> The factors of self-discipline and of character building are strongly involved in Progressive Education. *Training in habits of order and of industry; in the idea of true responsibility; in the obligation to produce something ultimately worth while to child life*, is the very foundation of the structure which Progressive Education purposes to raise.

That made pretty good sense to us. Along also, with the following piece of enthusiasm:

> The new types of curriculum have in common more and more opportunities for experiencing, inquiring and experimenting, and less stress on subject matter and memorizing. Experimenting means experimentation *by* children and not experimentation *with* children. In fact, the zeal for teaching is giving place to the effort to provide an environment in which children can gradually take over their own learning processes.

So, after due deliberation and considerable sacrifice, we entered our child in a Progressive school — with enthusiasm and high hopes.

The big, airy rooms, with their cement and rough wood floors, seemed perfect settings for overalled little dynamos. The boxes and cubes lining the walls promised superb building and banging — the general air of complete abandon seemed too amazing to be true.

These were little tads, some scarce able to lace their boots or blow their small snub noses. Rugged little individualists, as the saying goes — juvenile but vociferous mouthpieces for the new age of self-expression. But, after all, was not that the Era of Individualism for the rest of us?

Were we not all making a frightful hubbub over "finding ourselves," young and old alike? Those were stirring times, in retrospect, and fairly silly times. A Progressive school seemed precisely the right medium for these modern children of ours, and we went for it — lock, stock, and barrel!

Remember that dreadful recurring dream which most of us have experienced? The one wherein the years roll back and confront us again with that tight-lipped teacher whom we so despised and feared? She is asking us once again to bound North Dakota; give the population of London; compute the square feet of wallpaper in a room nine feet wide, sixteen feet long, and eleven feet high! And we awake in

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a sweat of despair, with a trip hammer for a heart. . . .

Well, there would be no terrors of the night on *that* score for our fortunate Progressive progeny. They were not to be buried under a mass of useless knowledge. Their geography? It was something to be painted on the floor, on the walls — even on the ceilings, could they reach them. And the population of London? Scorn! These glorious Gullivers would merely people their cities, chalked out before them, with little wooden men and women of their own design and send them daily about their small affairs. As for wallpapering those rooms of ours — just what *was* wallpaper? It had not re-entered the vogue. Arithmetic was a game — numbers were tapped out in play. Homework was a thing of the past.

These little charges were to be coaxed and intrigued into the paths of knowledge, all unknowing. What was more, they were going to *love* it. Here was a new and glorious process of education to sweep our children along on the great wave of modernism. A process to mold them into our streamlined culture. And to bring to us, their hopeful parents, a peace of mind for their security in a changing world.

But did I say peace of mind? Better to have followed that will-o'-the-wisp through the bottom lands of Arkansas.

The New Freedom

Deposited each morning at the school door, these children entered with a whoop and a bang. "Three cheers for school, the land of play!" and play they did, all day long. Work was a game. Life was a happy hunting ground, with no *Closed Season* and no *Private Property*.

What matter if the paint pots tumbled to the floor? The floors were *made* for paint pots. Never mind your shoes, Johnny, or your little open sweater which Aunt Alice knit so lovingly. Forge ahead! Slap the paint, wield the hammer, ply the saw. Attack what appeals; throw it aside when it palls — on with self-expression. Look for yourselves, little ones — look in the goldfish globe — search among the turtles! Perhaps you'll find a clew in the clay bin. Never mind your sleeves; plunge in with a will. Find yourselves in your play — but do be hearty about it! No half measures here.

Unfortunately, all the children could not throw themselves so joyfully into the swing. But were they not suppressed at home, then? Was that not *our* fault, we modern parents? Were these not high-strung progeny of talented and professional people? What could the school expect?

Indeed, their most difficult problem seemed to be the unfortunate hours these children had to spend at home. There, in the bosoms of their families, they were subjected to the devitalizing influence of fathers and mothers, relatives and domestics. Well-intentioned but witless persons who undid, at night, the patient work of the day. . . .

There was little Joan, for instance. She cried and shrank from the booming onslaught in the classroom. But did the principal not see Joan's grandmother in the corridor the other afternoon? Did she not — with horrified eyes — see

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her sweep Joan into her arms and call her Precious Lamb? Dreadful emotional display! No wonder the child's reactions were not normal. The little thing was carrying too heavy an emotional burden, and she must be released.

There was Anne, strange child. She preferred to spend her mornings in the bathroom, rather than face the problem of amusing herself in the classroom. But was she not hampered by that strict Scotch maid her mother so foolishly employed? Why, only yesterday Miss Thomas saw that very maid give Paul a cuff on the head. True, he had knocked Anne down on the icy street with a flying tackle from the rear — three times, in fact. But fire the maid and free the child! Teach the girls to fend for themselves, in this most Progressive of all worlds.

The Offspring Feel Their Oats

The broad and fundamental precept of this school was the development of the individual. These children must be taught to think for themselves — and, it seemed to us, *of* themselves. To have an open, questioning mind, on every subject. No matter if their questioning breaks in on your conversation or the conversation of your friends or on that most difficult letter you are struggling to formulate. No query must be turned aside, for then it might be lost, and a channel for development at that moment be closed forever.

But what about those shrill little voices? For shrill they must be, or they would not get to first base in the daily hubbub of sixteen other strident individualists expressing themselves. Voices breaking into your conversation and thoughts at all times. Not only interrupting without a "by your leave" but questioning, as well, your every decision. Decisions derived from judgment that we like to think is more or less mature.

Our children must find out many things for themselves — I grant — in every stage of their development. Difficult and heartbreaking things. Problems that we as parents would give our very lives to protect them from — and cannot. But must we let them, at so tender an age, dispute us about the suitability of their clothes, in freezing weather? Can we allow them to rush out and risk their deaths of cold, when they do not possess the reasoning faculty to fit cause and effect together? Must they therefore question us on their bedtime hour, on their diet, and on all their daily routine? Must life with them be just one long endless argument, with angry retorts and impudent answers?

Granted that we do not always know what is best for them. Must we not still try to have authority where authority is sorely needed? Must we not hold a firm if gentle grip on this child of ours? Directing him, as we deem best, into channels which will enable him to enjoy the pleasant give and take of a life in any civilized society?

Must we sit by and see our child grow irritable under authority in the home? Ill-tempered at suggestions from his parents — impudent and ungracious? Sit by and see him bang his head into a stone wall time after time because the little words, "I am sorry," when he *should* be sorry, or "Excuse me," when he *has* been rude, are not in his vocabulary? When the acknowledgment of error would make for smooth and happy sailing? (Of course, we are reassured, "When they really *mean*, 'Excuse me,' they will say it." Must the little gracious things one says be taken as literally as all that?)

Expound these broad and fundamental precepts at home, if we must. And we did, long and patiently. But what about the times when your child is not at home but in the homes of others? Does this budding citizen sense any restraint there? Indeed not, and we are chagrined and mortified. But does not the Progressive school point out that it is our own false pride which has been hurt? Look deeply and see. Are we embarrassed for the child's sake — or are we embarrassed for our own. Are we angry because the child has been ill-mannered — or are we angry because he has hurt our pride or interfered with our freedom?

But there must be a time for everything. The times when your friends or your child's friends have been gracious enough to invite him to their homes are the times you should and must expect your child to be gracious in return. Call it hypocrisy if you will — it's not a bad sort for a pattern.

The Waters Method

I have watched these children carefully and patiently, these four years. In my home, in their homes, and in the homes of their friends. Watching and waiting and hoping.

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I went to Mrs. Bennett's party for John, aged seven. It was his party in every sense of the word. For he had extended the invitations, given orders for the refreshments, and selected the games. But therein came the catch, for he had not selected the prizes!

Mrs. Bennett and I squirmed, hardened old Progressive mothers that we were. We squirmed and were glad ours were the only adult eyes watching this performance of unconventional children. We did not mind the wild whooping and screaming, the tussling and abandon — not in the least. We overlooked the running through the kitchen to inspect and hasten the refreshments.

But, when prize after prize was hooked up from the Fishpond, torn open, and flung to the floor in disgust, we were taken aback.

"I don't want this old sewing set, I've already got one!"

"This gun hasn't got real caps, it's no good — I'm not going to take that home."

"I don't like to play Old Maid, anyway. Haven't you got any *keen* prizes?"

These precocious, individualized children had seen everything, *bad* everything — and they made no bones of being bored with what was offered. True, little Lilly Waters, the small colored Progressive who came with her frock starched to a snowy stiffness, lovingly gathered up these discarded prizes and asked if she might take them home. It was Lilly, too, whose voice was *not* heard in the chorus of protest because the ice cream was not in individual molds.

Her mother came at five-thirty, when her day's work was over, and I could not resist saying, "Your little girl has lovely manners. However did you train her?"

"Lord, Ma'm," said Mrs. Waters indulgently, "we ain't got the time to *wheedle* when they's bad — we just *whams!*"

At that particular moment I felt a sincere respect — not unmixed with envy — for the crystal-clear simplicity of the Waters Method.

But still we did not give up the ship. We kept ever before us the assurance that all would be well if we could but weather the storm for a few years longer. So we said patiently to little Joey, "Wouldn't you like?" and, "I suggest," and, "It's the sporting thing," and, "It's fair play," and, "Won't you try?" and, "Should you decide?" until our nerves were frazzled to shreds and we looked at each other in quiet desperation after the day was over and the house was still, with a semblance of order restored.

We were heroic, though. We would draw our wits together by morning and try again, fighting a losing fight against the will of a child run wild. After all, this was the new path! This was the mold for the coming generation, and we were to grin and bear the pressure. For we must remember that "a rebellious child is never a neurotic adult."

Did we want our child inhibited as *we* were inhibited, by stern and dignified parents whom we had to respect and sometimes fear? No! We must play the monkey with our children, be companions to them. We must skate in the park with them. Let them push us down, if they will, and skate over us. We must Be Good Sports with them. We must Be Their Age and throw ourselves into their play. They must not feel any restrictions with us. They must call us by our first names, tell us off, and criticize our clothes. Inform us we can't dictate to them about theirs because we don't look like Myrna Loy! What can *we* know about clothes anyway? We are to be put in our places by them — and we must like it. We are told what they won't eat, what they won't do — and we must sit by and grin like idiots, which is exactly what most Progressive schools think we are. (And sometimes I think they are right.)

We say, "Muggins, I shouldn't do that if I were you" — and crash! There goes that lovely old pressed-glass lamp we picked up in Wales. Certainly we must never expect them to say, "I'm sorry." That is superficial.

You don't want your child buried under the wreckage of a superficial life, do you? When they say, "I'm sorry," or, "Thank you," it must come from the bottom of their hearts.

So for all the little niceties of life we must take, "No," and, "I don't want it," "Give me this," "Get me that," "Dry up," and "Liar, liar, your tongue's on fire," until we despair of *anything* plumbing the bottoms of their little hearts. We must let them express themselves and thereby find themselves. It matters not that, in the finding, the apartment is a madhouse, the wallpaper battered to bits, the chandelier a target for slingshots. Find themselves they must — and they had better find us in the bargain.

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For we are lost, hopelessly lost — to ourselves, to them, to our friends. Our peaceful home is turned into a testing ground of Expression, and our friends turned into other people's apartments where the children sometimes say, "Yes, Father," and go straight to bed.

Diplomas

Well, the tide has turned, finally, and we are looking at each other aghast. Our little boy has lost himself, and lovely it is, too. Lost himself right in the middle of a quiet group of children in an old-fashioned Quaker school. Lost himself in his arithmetic, in his language books, in his music, and in his spelling. Lost himself so completely in the quiet discipline of a well-organized group that he even says, "Yes, Mother?" when I call him, instead of bellowing, "What do you want now?" And last night he really said, "Excuse me," and, "Thank you," all in one evening!

Our home has regained, miraculously, its former peace. We are getting so that we even enjoy it. We are looking at each other through new eyes, amazed that the strain is released. We are holding our breath and having a little fun together. And, strangely enough, not only are *we* happier, but our child is happier, if serenity and peace are the signs. It is as though he had sailed into a quiet harbor and found a secure anchorage.

Yet the children in this Quaker school seem the essence of normality. I cannot say they look suppressed or inhibited. They are sturdy, healthy youngsters — full of life and competitive spirit. They carry on their work in school in orderly fashion, taking their turn when it comes, sitting attentively when it does not.

I watch them at recess, playing and whooping in the schoolyard. They have not sacrificed their birthright of individualism. There is as robust a spirit of healthy animal contention among them as in any group of children I have ever seen. They paint and go to shop. They model and they go on trips about the city. They are respectful to their teachers, without a hint of subservience, and they seem happy.

I could scarcely credit my ears the other day, when I overheard Joey report back to me of his small Progressive friends: "When they tell you to do something in *my* school," he said, "by golly you really *do* it — and no fooling." There was a new note in his voice as he said it — a note of respect and a curious sort of pride.

Furthermore, when his friends come here to play — and their play is often both rough *and* noisy — they speak to me when they arrive and they don't insult the cook. They manage to achieve a good-by upon departing, and goodness it is comforting not to have to Be Their Age!

There is small doubt but that the Progressive schools provide a satisfactory background for the highly individualized and particularly gifted child. The work they present is interesting and stimulating. But the attitude that the child assumes or is encouraged to assume is devastating to my idea of many lessons which a proper schooling should instill.

Perhaps my child and the children I know were not able to shoulder such a large responsibility of freedom. Perhaps those other parents are more farsighted and will point with pride and reap the benefits of Progressive education at some future time — while we must be content with a more commonplace product. But I know so few *really* gifted children — two at most. And in both these cases Progressive schooling seems to be the answer.

Considering my family's civil war of the past four years, I feel a reluctance to inquire too deeply into the causes of my child's right-about-face in both reactions and disposition. I think I shall forget reasons, concentrate on my end of the job to the best of my ability, and let the school concentrate on its own.

Between us, perhaps we shall be able to turn out a well-rounded and reasonably useful citizen, one who not only knows the full joy of living but will draw lifelong dividends from associations whose existence is founded on the unchanging rock of self-control.

Next Month:
"College Women Face a New Century,"
by Mildred H. McAfee

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Is It True What They Say about Connecticut?

by **JAMES THURBER**

I AM AFRAID that the war between the States will always go on. Not the one that started at Fort Sumter and divided the country up into Dixie and Damyankees. I mean the war between any two States. What I *really* mean is the war between any two persons who live in different States. My dentist was bragging the other day that Bucks County, Pennsylvania, is finer than any county in Connecticut. This kind of comparison, you must have noticed, always comes into anyone's praise of his own State — it has to be not only a fine place in itself but better than where you are living. My dentist has a home in Bucks County, a very new home — he has lived in it only a few months. He was born in and has heretofore always lived in New York City. I came right back at him and defended Connecticut as much finer than Bucks County, Pennsylvania, or Bucks County anywhere else could ever hope to be. I was born and have spent most of my years in Ohio. So it goes; the adopted son is just as loyal as, sometimes even more loyal than, the native son.

A man's affection for a State is a misty thing, like his affection for a woman; it is hard to put into words. I can't coherently explain why I like Connecticut better than any other one of the 48 states, but I know that I do. Once, of course, it was Ohio. When I was in my teens I used to sing with a feeling that moved toward tears a sentimental song a friend of mine had written called *My Heart's in Old Ohio When the Sun Goes Down*. When I was all of 25 I remember getting quite angry about a certain anecdote involving Ohio — and Hendrik Van Loon.

It seems that, after a lecture Mr. Van Loon had given one day, one of his listeners came up to him and said, apropos of nothing, "I am from Ohio."

"My God," said Van Loon, "You're not *bragging* about it, are you?"

That made me pretty mad. It doesn't now, you see, because I am older and because I am in love with Connecticut. Mr. Van Loon, I understand, is also fond of Connecticut. There's *another* gentleman I'm mad at now; we will come to him a little later. I want to stop over in New Jersey for a minute or two.

THE FIELD DAY

SEVERAL years ago I went down to Trenton on the day that the famous Mr. Burns, the Fugitive from a Georgia Chain Gang, was up for extradition. The customary procedure in such cases is for the representatives of the State that seeks extradition to present their credentials quietly to the governor of the sanctuary State in the latter's executive chambers, after the usual stuffy exchange of compliments and comments on the weather. But this was big stuff, and New Jersey, a great State for publicity, although God knows she doesn't have to seek it, was not going to let it go by without fanfare and klieg lights. So the extradition proceedings were staged in a huge hall, and thousands of people came. Anybody could get up and speak for or against sending Mr. Burns back to Georgia or, as it turned out, for or against anything else — and almost everybody did.

A gold-star mother, who had nothing whatever to do with the case, was one of the speakers. She was for Mr. Burns, and so his attorneys had asked her to get up and say a few words. She said that war was a terrible thing and that all men were just boys and that all boys were fine. Everybody, except the Georgia delegation, cheered, and a few of the defense lawyers wept quietly.

The Georgia attorneys were bewildered and

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considerably upset. They had not expected or ever encountered before a spectacle like this. But instead of sticking to the point at issue — whether or not Mr. Burns should be turned over to them — they, too, began to talk wildly. One of them said that Burns should be sent back if only because he had, at one time since his escape, lived in sin in Chicago. Another of them got off perhaps the most unfortunate remark ever made by a Southern gentleman in public. Said he: "Everybody up here seems to think that Georgia jails are terrible things, filled with fiends and degenerates and brutes. I want to say to you that the sons of some of the best families in Georgia are in jail down there!" When the bedlam that greeted this quieted down, the Georgian was pretty mad. He went on to say that he could and would name a Northern State that still employed — or had employed up until recently, anyway — the public whipping post. That State, gentlemen, was Delaware!

Now Delaware, of course, had no more to do with the case of Georgia vs. Mr. Burns than the gold-star mother had. The trial had suddenly turned into the North against the South, Georgia against New Jersey or against Delaware or against New York — or name any State above the Mason-Dixon line, you Damyankees! It was hysterically exciting and enormously silly. I think that at this point Mr. Burns could have got up from his chair in the front row and walked quietly out without being molested by either side. They had forgotten about him. The Governor of New Jersey felt called on to make a little speech himself, taking sides, although he was supposed to be presiding. He said that once, driving his car in Georgia, he hadn't been treated any too courteously by a certain traffic cop down there. Everybody got in a crack at Georgia or New Jersey or Delaware or Tennessee or Michigan or some other State. Somebody was giving Texas, I think it was, a good going over when I left. If somebody had slapped somebody at that unforgettable gathering, another Civil War would have started right there.

Mr. Burns, I read later, was not turned over to the tender mercies of Georgia justice. They suddenly remembered about him, got back to the case in hand, and extradition was refused amid shouts and laughter and the exploding of flash bulbs.

Now let's get back to that gentleman I said I was mad at. He is an eminent literary man and he lives in Maine. Recently we have exchanged letters, in the course of which he bragged about Maine and I bragged about Connecticut. I told him that I lived in Litchfield and that I was considerably thrilled by living in the same town in which Ethan Allen was born (lots of Vermont people are sore because Ethan Allen wasn't born in Vermont). I said I could see from my bedroom window the house in which Henry Ward Beecher and his sister Harriet were born and that just down the street was a little old white building which once housed the first law school in America and that its threshold had been crossed by Aaron Burr and Samuel F. B. Morse and Noah Webster and so on. So he wrote back to me as follows:

> Maine is the last stronghold of the life that was America. Connecticut is just a played out region. Do the shades of Ethan Allen, etc. contribute anything to the present-day life of Litchfield? Ethan Allen was a lusty, gusty son-of-a-sea-cook. Is there anything of his lustiness and gustiness in the native goings on of the region? There's plenty of it around here. I don't mean in the way of thoughtless Nordic barbarism, either; I mean in outcroppings of surprising intelligence, surprising strokes of fundamental liberalism, that quite take your breath away.

Surprising Outcroppings

Now, one weakness here is that my correspondent cites no concrete instance for me to match. I have an idea that, given time and with a little research, I could match him instance for instance. His letter was, of course, not intended to be a studied analysis of Maine or of Connecticut. It is just one of those cracks of one State at another State. I shall wait for a studied analysis, with specific cases, before I prepare a formal defense. But right here and now I can say that Connecticut is *not* a played-out State. There are some mighty lusty and gusty folks on all sides of me in Litchfield, and, if I haven't right at hand examples of their outcroppings of surprising intelligence or of fundamental liberalism (I am leaving the presidential votes of the two States completely out of this), it is mainly because our relations have been on such an easy-going, friendly sort of basis as to preclude excursions into those outcroppings. After all, I haven't lived in Litchfield long enough to get into political arguments or to start controversial dis-

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Drawing by the author

cussions, and it is in those that we find the outcroppings my correspondent speaks of. Usually my neighbors in Connecticut are too busy helping me out of some difficulty or other to have time for surprising strokes of fundamental liberalism.

Not long ago, for example, I started to drive my car from Waterbury to Litchfield when a freak spring blizzard that had just been waiting for me to begin driving, placed a smothering white hand across my windshield. The windshield wiper wouldn't work. I had seventeen difficult miles to drive and I knew I should end up in a field under the car if I went on. I crawled ahead a thousand yards to a garage and asked if I could hire a man to drive me home in another car. Sure. A garage man put my car up, bundled me and my wife into another car, and started off. His windshield wiper wouldn't work either, but, being a Connecticut man, he could see through snow. He took us the seventeen tedious and dangerous miles, refused a tip, said I could settle up when I came for my car next day, and started to drive back those seventeen miles. When I went for my car the next morning he said the charge would be $2, exactly $2. That's all he would take. In New York it would have been $20, exactly $20. He asked me what I thought of Cleveland's chances in the American League, accepted a cigarette, asked me to try one of his. We had a nice talk. You see, he was a garage man, but I, the night before, had been a neighbor in distress. That's why he took me home for what amounted to the cost of gas and oil and wear and tear.

That, I submit, is Connecticut as I have come to find it. Maybe it isn't intelligence but it is friendliness, and no region in which that quality persists can be played out. Sometimes I think (hell, always I think) that a world of friendliness would be better for what ails us than a world of surprising strokes of intelligence. Home is where the heart is, let the mind live where it may. But let us not, for God's sake, get sentimental. I feel I am losing sight of the argument or maybe I am just starting a new one.

Anyway, two days after that experience, we were driving toward Norfolk. My wife, whom I sometimes call Little Sharp Eyes because she sees too well, observed a tiny and almost illegible sign pointing up a byroad. The sign read: *To John Brown's Birthplace.* Yes, *the* John Brown (all the lusty and gusty boys were born in Connecticut). So up that road we went, until we got stuck, fast stuck, in the mud. Some motorist who came up behind me and

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couldn't get past volunteered to back up half a mile and then drive three miles farther to a garage for help.

Ten minutes later a young man showed up in a truck, coming toward me. He couldn't get past, either. I told him a garage car would be along in fifteen minutes or so. He said fine, but why not try to haul the thing out before the garage man got there? At my age, I let garage men do everything, but if a neighbor wants to help you out of the mud you really have to help a little, too. So, for half an hour, we tugged and dug and lugged stones and heaved and pushed and made the wheels whir. Then I gave out, but my Samaritan decided that if he could only get a tree under the damn thing he could hoist her up. So he went up into the woods and came back with a tree.

"Now," he said, "all I need is a big boulder for a fulcrum."

So he went up into the woods and came back with a boulder the size of a doghouse. It is my sad duty to report that the contraption didn't work. But it was a labor of Hercules and a gesture of neighborliness that gave me great cheer. Eventually the car was hauled out by garage men (whose own car had stuck for an hour in the road behind us). My young helper said he'd had a fine time and was glad he met me. I said I was glad I met him. Then he drove off.

As I said before, this kind of thing is not intelligence, it is not fundamental liberalism but it is a thing that doesn't grow in played-out regions; it is a lustiness and a gustiness and it is very heartening. If you don't see as much in it as I do, it is because you weren't there. I think I'll stick to Connecticut — although not again, I hope, to some of her side roads. (I know now why John Brown was a fanatic, having seen the road he had to travel over to get out of his home and into history.)

There was once a senator named Uriah Tracy who lived in Litchfield. He's been dead longer than a hundred years, but I wish he were still alive, for he would be the perfect person to defend Litchfield and Connecticut.

Once, in Washington, D. C., when a drove of mules was being herded through the streets there, a facetious Virginia senator, thinking to make sport of my hero, turned to him and said, loudly enough to be heard by everybody round about, "Well, Tracy, there go some of your constituents."

To which Tracy replied, "Yes. They are on their way to Virginia, Sir, to teach school."

If you've heard this tale about another hero than mine, you've heard it wrongly. I should pick him to debate my Maine friend on the relative merits of that State and of mine. And I know that he would have won that Trenton trial, single-handed. It was right up his alley.

Way of The Suns

Let me forever give as the sun gives,
Impartial to the loam or to the granite.
He showers glory of the light he lives —
Because he is the sun — or moon or planet.
Though the moon turns to death and pale derision
His echoed power, why should he repine?
Desert or corn — that is the earth's decision:
The destiny of suns is still to shine.
A sun, I tinge the apple-blooms with coral,
Or shine upon the spider's woven snow;
From winter's pale white sleep I wake the laurel,
Or gloss the bubbles that the children blow.
I love and live — proud, lavish, unrepining,
Though nothing ever thanks a sun for shining.

E. Merrill Root

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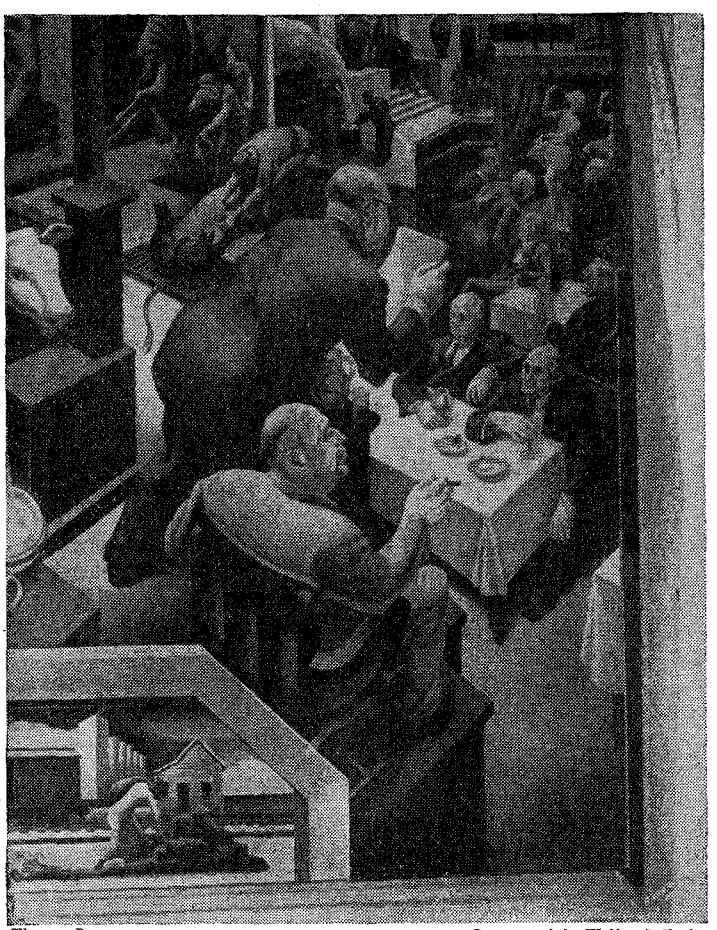
The Artist's Point of View

Thomas Benton Paints Missouri

THOMAS BENTON is the United States of America. His murals reveal him and his country in pristine glory as he is, as she is. No trimmings, no softening of outlines, no mellowing, no preaching about the better way, no life of the mind or spirit. Just Benton, the exuberant rugged individualist, and America, the uncouth chaos of contending forces. Take them or leave them; this artist hands them to us as they can be seen by the physical eye.

Benton, the keen-visioned spectator, loves his America. He loves his native heath, Missouri. He has gone back there to live while painting the murals for the State Capitol and may stay on forever. From Missouri his father went to Congress. Around its pot-bellied community stoves he learned to spit tobacco juice and talk politics with the best of the other natives. His years in Paris never washed out of him this Missouri soil. He learned the new language of modern art but, coming home, sluffed off its continentalisms and began to use it to talk American. He was the first artist in our generation thus honestly to admit his roots and draw art nourishment therefrom.

Benton's mastery of modern design developed through the years — as all design should but doesn't — by a growth out of or building on the Parisian fundamental of Cézanne and by a functionalism which derived the character of form and design from the essential character of subject. To heighten the impact of his characterization (and consequently of his design) on the observer, Benton has always used exaggeration. Everything he paints is overstated, distorted, accentuated. There must be and can be no muffing the point. Benton will knock you down with his murals; neither he nor they are ever overlooked. (Compensation for a stubby stature, perhaps.) But, mind this point, in spite of their dynamic drive at you and into you, these murals do technically "stay on the wall." Benton knows the architecture of pictorial space. He has achieved the profundity of three-dimensional design on a two-dimensional space as did Michelangelo, Raphael, and a few other masters before him; and if the psychological effect of their high pictorial drama drives the trustees out of the trustee's room, as happened at the New School for Social Research, or the readers out of the library, as is said to happen at the Whitney Museum, who shall say that such events are a comparative calamity?



Thomas Benton — *Courtesy of the Walker Galleries*

The Kansas City murals, from which the above cut has been reproduced, again reveal Benton and the country as they are. The rough and ready spectator has looked at the daily drama of Missouri and painted it, Boss Pendergast and all the rest.

Benton saw it. Now you see it.

RALPH M. PEARSON

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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach

President, Poetry Society of America

Poetry Dinner

Robert Frost was guest of honor at the 27th annual dinner of the Poetry Society of America. The dinner was held on April Fool's Day and the "dean of American poets" held his audience spellbound by an interpretation of his own individualistic philosophy as well as readings from his poems. Mr. Frost deplored mass thinking. He has been studying "opposites" and found them not what they have seemed to be. The opposite of justice is not injustice but mercy. The chairman hailed Mr. Frost as the Beloved Opposite.

Other poets who read at the dinner were Mr. Coffin, Mr. Wheelock, Miss Taggard, and Mr. Holmes.

Spring Exhibits

Charles Hanson Towne gives me a volume of new poems, gay and sparkling, entitled An April Song (Farrar & Rinehart, $1.50). There is a wistfulness of backward glance and present reconciliation about this verse that makes the poet near and friendly. *Parting at a Station* and *When We Were Poor in Paris* are not easily forgotten — nor *Snow on Her Hair*.

Stéphane Mallarmé's Poems, translated by Roger Fry, with commentaries by Charles Mauron (Oxford, $3.00): The obscurities of Mallarmé are unraveled for reader and student, with the French text and the translation printed on opposite pages and followed by the detailed explanation. The father of symbolism is a pure poet if there ever was one. His compression of sexless ideas is enchantment, and the exacting spell of his tones and rhymes is as languorous as Poe or Sappho.

Collected Poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson (Macmillan, $3.00) is the latest and most complete edition of the lonely poet of "the most lonely people recorded in literature." Poison, by G. A. Cleveland Sprigler (Bookcraft, $2.00), shows keen power of metrical satire often wasted on personal invective against pompous educators. Music of Morning, by Katharine Kennedy (Banner, $1.50), is alert to new imagery in familiar themes. More than Water Broken, by Constance Deming Lewis (Paebar, $1.50), garners from many magazines of verse her unpretentious but articulate lyrics. Sonnets and Sestinas, by Wilmon Brewer (Cornhill, $1.50), presents us with the author's composition as well as a complete history of both types.

The publication of the Letters of Fanny Brawne to Fanny Keats (Oxford, $3.00) gives new proof of the nobility of a great poet's attitude toward women. Aged 26, *A Play about John Keats*, by Annie Crawford Flexner (Oxford, $1.50), dramatizes pleasantly the poet's departure from Fanny Brawne for Italy and death. How to Revise Your Own Poems, by Anne Hamilton (Abbey, $1.25), is another frank and practical treatise on versecraft.

Minor and Major Poetry

***by* MARY BORLAND**

Minor poetry is the result of a conscious desire to express an idea or a mood in "poetic" language; it is not the outcome of any deep emotion but the product of the surface mind. It springs from no overmastering and powerful impulse but from one which can be ordered and controlled. Much delicacy and skill may go in its creation, but it is essentially a pastime, for reader and poet alike. Its content is intellectual, not emotional; it does not touch those mysterious springs of life which lie deep within us and which stir in answer to the voice of only a great poet. There is no magic in it; its meaning is at once clear and apparent, and its charm tangible and easily analyzed.

Very little minor poetry survives beyond its age. It does survive occasionally because of its very limitations, because of its special flavor, appropriateness, and datedness.

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

This is like an exquisite museum piece. It speaks to us not with the voice of eternity but in the very individual tones of a courtly gentleman of the early seventeenth century; it is valuable to us because it is the perfect and final expression of his spirit but it has nothing in common with ours. Pleasing our minds and senses, it fails to touch our hearts.

Negative definitions are easy. One can say that minor poetry is everything that major poetry is not; but, when it comes to saying what major poetry is, one is faced by a more difficult problem. It seems at first glance that a poet is the most likely person to provide a satisfactory definition of the art which he practices; but poets' definitions of poetry all have one fault in common: they are written from the creator's, not from the reader's, point of view.

Wordsworth's "emotion recollected in tranquillity" may be an excellent description of his state of mind when he sat down to write; it means practically nothing to the reader whom the poem has stirred and thrilled and roused from tranquillity to a keener sense of life by its beauty and vividness.

Milton's famous pronouncement that poetry should be "simple, sensuous and passionate" is invaluable advice to a poet; to the reader it fails even to suggest the peculiar magic of a great poem.

Shelley said, "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world," but Shelley's ambition was to be a political leader; it was a form of compensation to persuade himself that in being a poet he was also achieving his other goal.

Coleridge defined poetry as "the best words in the best order"; in this case, "Hand me the butter, please," or, "The train leaves in five minutes," would be supreme examples of the art. Obviously the subject must have something to do with it.

Housman's definition of great poetry (in *The Name and Nature of Poetry*) was that which maketh the hair of the flesh to stand up. "Experience has taught me," he says, "when I am shaving of a

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morning, to keep watch over my thoughts, because, if a line of poetry strays into my memory, my skin bristles so that the razor ceases to act." By this, his own private touchstone, he claimed to distinguish the good from the bad, making all the classics depend on the physical reactions of one Cambridge don. But Mr. Watson has conditioned babies to respond with cries of horror to the appearance of their best-loved toys and to welcome the harsh clang of a bell with all the signs of pleasure shown by Mr. Housman at the quotation of a verse from the Bible. Further, Mr. Housman admitted that the effect is caused largely by the sound, not the sense. "'Take care of the sense," said the Duchess, "and the sounds will take care of themselves.'" "Poetry," said Mr. Housman, "is not the thing said but a way of saying it." It is but a short step to accepting someone's suggestion that in this case *The Courtship of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo* is the most beautiful poem in the English language and *cellar-door* the most beautiful word.

It is strange that Mr. Housman, himself a poet, should thus have tried to separate two things which are in their very nature inseparable. It is as if a musician should say, "Music is not the melody but the notes." The melody is the notes, and music is both. The statue can no more exist without stone or the picture without paint than the poem can exist without its words. When he is writing poetry, the poet does not write out his thought in prose and then translate it, as it were, into verse. The thought of a great poem cannot be expressed in other words; the poet has said what he has said because of the words he has chosen.

II

THERE is no "thing said" in poetry, no "way of saying it"; they are the same. The furthest one can go in describing the subject of a poem is to say baldly, "This poem is about a tree," or, "This is about a dream." One can say nothing more, for what the poet says about the tree or the dream is the words he has used. Poetry is words, words are poetry. *Poetry is the power of words to move us;* it is the genius inherent in the words themselves. They can create emotion sometimes even by accident, as well as express emotion of set purpose.

One need not be a poet to comprehend this; anyone who has had a sharp verbal quarrel with some one he loves will recognize that something definite happens to feelings, before repressed or ignored, once they have been spoken. "Let a thing be ever so present it is in actual fact only actually present when man has given it life in words and called it by name," says Thomas Mann in *Young Joseph.*

Perhaps the only true poets were the creators of language, those anonymous myriads hidden in the dark backward and abyss of time. They are responsible for the sounds which have become so welded to the ideas they express that to the later poet they are one. Their obscure mysterious genius lingers in the haunting nonsense of nursery rhymes; in popular ballads, with their poignant, meaningless refrains; in the instance which dictates the survival of certain exquisite phrases, translators' errors, in the Bible; in some inspired corrections of misprints in Shakespeare.

Great poetry is the power of words to move us. But whence does this great poetry arise, how begot, how nourished?

Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourished.

(*Timon of Athens;* Act I, Scene I.)

"If I were obliged," said Mr. Housman, "not to define poetry, but to name the class of things to which it belongs, I should call it a secretion; whether a natural secretion, like turpentine in the fir, or a morbid secretion like the pearl in the oyster."

In words that read like a continuation of Mr. Housman's sentence, the *Encyclopedia Britannica* adds to the definition of a pearl: "The experience of pearl-fishers [and for pearl-fishers we might substitute readers of poetry] shows that those shells which are irregular in shape and stunted in growth [one thinks of Byron and Keats] or which bear excrescences [Pope?] or are honey-combed by boring parasites [Shelley?] are those most likely to yield pearls."

Later, speaking of pearl culture, the *Encyclopedia* says that the matrices or cores of pearls are generally pellets of prepared mud but may be brass or wood. Tiny tin or lead images of gods and goddesses or living creatures, such as small fish, are sometimes embedded in the shells and covered with the nacre. So, in the poet's mind, dross is transformed to pearl, and the image of divinity is glorified; or the breath is crushed out of some piece of warm, living flesh, that it may be metamorphosed into changeless beauty.

It must be some concrete object that is thus transformed: no imaginary grief but a real pebble or pellicle, with the hardness of reality. And yet, hold a pearl in your hand; look deep into it; there is a whole cloudy world there, whose light and shadows mingle inextricably; the light is but translucent shadow, and the shadow more richly colored light. The mundane thing that forms its core has long since vanished, lapped in layer after layer of candid moonlight.

HART CRANE

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Peter Whiffin Tells the Whole Truth

A striking proof that we human beings must be descended from a primary couple such as Adam and Eve lies in the fact that we resemble them so markedly in their outstanding trait of trying to dodge responsibility for wrongdoing. "The woman gave it to me," said Adam, after eating the forbidden fruit. "The serpent tempted me," said Eve. And trying to "pass the buck" has been a dominant characteristic of their children ever since.

I tried the stunt recently in an article that I wrote, entitled, "A Priest Warns the Church," in which I attempted to put the blame for my own priestly shortcomings on the Church at large and on my fellow priests in particular. I feel that I must tell just how I came to do this. And if anyone thinks that I am being "influenced" to write this article, let me say at the outset that I *am* being influenced — by a selfish motive. Writing it, I hope, may help me to live a little less hatefully with myself, even if it accomplishes nothing else. So, here goes.

Some years ago I cut quite a figure among the priests of a certain Religious Congregation. I thought I did, anyhow, especially when as a young priest I was chosen to raise funds for a new foundation; and I had apocalyptic visions of doing great things and of becoming a big man. I failed, however, to make either of these pleasant dreams a reality, through nobody's fault but my own. Indeed, my financial ventures went so ridiculously awry that I became an object of pity rather than of envy. Instead of being looked up to as a big man I became more and more regarded as rather petty. And I confirmed this opinion that my brethren had of me by not being able to stomach my sudden eclipse. As the boys say, I couldn't take it.

For a while I sulked and pouted in an inferior job, but suddenly I decided that I had never been truly appreciated by my Congregation and that I must go elsewhere in the priesthood to attain my real stature. With the passing of years that real stature steadily diminished, while just as steadily my brooding bitterness increased. Trying to place the blame for my misfortunes on everyone and everything save on myself and my shortcomings became my favorite pastime. And at last I succeeded in convincing myself that the real reason for my "ruination" was due to the fact that my Superiors had given me a job of money chasing. Sure, that was it! Had not the worst woes of the Church and the priesthood always come from the money evil? And was I not just another innocent victim who had been spoiled by this unholy business of commercializing religion?

With the heartening "yes" that I answered to both these questions, it was simple now to argue that it was my duty to cry out against the "financial evils in the Church." Thus I would be doing Her an heroic service. Nor could anyone, I thought, question the sincerity of my motives, since in "exposing" the abuses I myself would take the risk of being completely crushed by my ecclesiastical Superiors. In other words, I now had another vision. This time I was to be a pure martyr sacrificing myself in attacking the "money evil in the Church," as I had once been sacrificed in trying to foster it. I would be a modern Savonarola.

Thus was born the soul-stirring opus of Peter Whiffin (R.I.P.), entitled, "We Priests Should Worry," retitled by my publisher, "A Priest Warns the Church."

Ah, it was so easily written. A few touches of past history, the present situation in Spain, and then on with a sweeping flourish to the Church in America. The mushroom growth of the Church here from poverty to wealth was illustrated by the rise of a certain Monsignor from "tent dweller" to pastor of a great parish in Brooklyn. From that I passed at once to the tremendous increase in religious institutions, the affluence of some of the secular clergy with their cars and golf and vacations, the income tax report on Cardinal O'Connell's "personal holdings," the gold telephones of a couple of Bishops, the millions of dollars lost in stock ventures or brought to Rome by the clergy, the Cardinals' Red Train to the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago, the bazaars and drives for money by the priests, the relic devotions, the gathering of funds for the Foreign Missions, and above all, the "indifference" of priests as a class to the sufferings of the poor, as seen from their curtained windows." (These last two words, I believe, were supplied by my publisher, unsolicited.) I tried to bring out how the recent Election Campaign has shown that our influence with the masses was waning. I strove to contrast the "aloofness" of priests as a class with the spirit of the Communists who go down day and night

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among the poor, and I closed with a sad warning about the growth of anti-clericalism in America being our own fault.

Ah, I say, it was so easy to give this side of the picture of the Church in America, — *and leave out all the other sides*. I didn't say, for example, that the Brooklyn Monsignor I spoke about had spent his life building up his parish — *only for his people*. I didn't point out that the remarkable growth of religious institutions such as schools and hospitals and orphanages and asylums is only an indication of how the spirit of charity is so alive in the Church, and that while some of the institutions might seem pretentious, the religious who live in them practise lives of strict poverty and complete sacrifice. I didn't remark that while some priests have cars and golf and vacations, which, after all, they should have in some measure as human beings who need recreation, many more are too poor to buy themselves decent clothes. I should have known that the "personal property" of Cardinal O'Connell is really the property of his diocese. The gold telephones of two Bishops in America had been given to them, though I neglected to say so, nor did I state the fact that most bishops live lives of poverty in private. I did not observe that the money used in stock ventures was, after all, legitimately invested, and I failed to bring out how money brought to Rome is used for the spread of religion and piety and the building of charitable institutions. I must have known that the external honors paid to Cardinals are given only because of the dignity of Him they represent. I spoke about the money drives of priests without again mentioning that the money was not for them but for the churches and schools for their people. I spoke of the abuses in the relic devotions without remarking that their real purpose is a good one. I described the monks and their money boxes without adding that the same monks use so little of the money for themselves that they sleep on straw beds in monastic cells and live lives of absolute sacrifice. I talked slightingly of the Foreign Missions when I must have known that the law of charity as well as the command of Christ urged them upon the Church as a solemn duty, and when I might have recalled how two of my own classmates were martyred in China, while others of my brethren are living lives of martyrdom far in the interior of that country; tending the sick, burying the dead, feeding the starving, dressing even the sores of the lepers, giving up everything else as they have surrendered home and loved ones, to make Christ known and loved by those who, unlike people in our own land, have never had an opportunity to know and love Him. I spoke of the priests' "indifference" toward the poor, although I know that priests turned away as young men from the world so that they might help the poor, and do, with few exceptions, help them to the best of their ability. I spoke of the Communists being down among the poor teaching them to revolt, and, I should have added, to hate God; but I said nothing of the fact that the ordinary priest is quite ready to go anywhere and do anything to lead the poor to God. In a word, if a half-truth is sometimes worse than a lie, my two percent of the true picture of the "money evil" in the Church was worse than the lowest kind of fraud. It was but a small part of the complete story of the Church and the priesthood in America, so distorted and magnified as to be almost monstrous. And why did I do it? Simply because I had convinced myself through bitter brooding over my own misfortunes and constant preoccupation with money abuses in the Church that I might vindicate my own failure as a priest and do the Church a service at the same time by dilating on the "commercialization of religion."

When did I wake up to the fact that I had not presented the case fairly? Precisely when I discovered that I wasn't going to be regarded as a martyr to truth, after all.

A few priests and Catholics did, naturally, react bitterly. Several Catholic papers challenged my statements and especially my conclusions. But on the whole the attitude of priests and people was one of pity and sadness for me that I had spoken not the truth but a lie. Some of my clerical friends came to see me. They admitted that there are and always have been money evils in religion as in everything else. But they also pointed out that many great and good men have exposed these abuses in the Church much more clearly and certainly more honestly than I had done, and are constantly fighting to remove them. The common tone towards me was one of sympathy and sorrow. I was not to be hailed as a hero or a martyr. I was to be prayed for.

Finally, then, I went to the brethren of my own Congregation, the men whom I had most derided and betrayed. And here I found a charity and forgiveness that suddenly and completely broke away the veil of blindness that I had been trying to keep before my eyes, and destroyed the mantle of bitterness that had been cloaking my heart. Not a word of condemnation, but only in the eyes of my closest friends a look of dumb and hurt wonder that made me recall the words of Christ, "If an enemy had done this, I might have borne with it, but you, my friend and my familiar." Then and only then did the truth suddenly flash upon me that in my silly attempt to vindicate myself I had succeeded not only in ruining myself, but in bringing shame and hurt, as cruel as they were undeserved, to my brothers in the priesthood and to the Church at large. Frantically then I tried to stop a second publication of my article, but it was too late —

> The moving finger writes, and having writ,
> Moves on, nor all your piety and wit
> Can make the moving finger turn again,
> Nor, turning, change a single word of it.

Only the publication of this article can bring me any measure of peace. I hope that it will give to those who read my earlier distorted description of the "money evil" in the Church a picture of the situation in its true focus.

PETER WHIFFIN

(This announcement sponsored by friends of Peter Whiffin)

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Our Rostrum

(*Continued from page VII*)

have watched them fearlessly enter danger zones to give the last rites of the Church to the injured and the dying. I have seen them march to the scaffold, giving the consolation of the Church to the condemned. I saw a bishop make countless trips to a common jail to visit a Mexican peon who could not speak English, preparing him spiritually for the death justice had meted out to him. I have observed the custom of another bishop who in all humanity daily visits the sick in every ward and room of a large hospital, disregarding race, creed, and color.

I know the barren simplicity of the priest's home; I have seen his meager salary spent to educate the poor girl and boy; I have watched him battle to give the orphan a home and an equal chance with more fortunate children. I have observed him fighting with the ardor of a zealot to preserve the family. I have found him no stranger in the pitiful juvenile courts, helping to rebuild erring youth. Many, many times have I been edified, as single-handed and alone he fought for social justice and for his pains and efforts engendered the hatred and contempt of the rich of his parish. . . .

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Peter Whiffin speaks of Christ and the poor. Christ came to save the sinner and for that purpose He founded His Church. He did not come to save the rich or the poor — just the SINNER. He said to His apostles, "The poor ye shall always have with you."

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GEORGE W. SPRENGER
Attorney at Law
Peoria, Ill.

To the Editor:

The article . . . is one of the best, if not the best, that has appeared in THE FORUM in a long while. . . .

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KATHERINE G.
Utica, N. Y.

To the Editor:

. . . I was most unhappy on reading the article. . . . My experience has been so different that I want to tell you about it.

In 1904 I was left a widow with three children, the eldest six years. My plight was desperate; there was no widow's pension in those days. I went to see the rector of the cathedral, who is still there, and he without any hesitation sent me to the sisters at the Kingsbridge Orphanage, who received us kindly, never even asking if I could pay. You may imagine my gratitude, for now in peace of mind I could look for work, knowing that the children were safe in the sisters' care. As I was able, I paid a little for them, and they were taught and cared for through all the illnesses of childhood until they were old enough to get small positions and become self-supporting. All the more wonderful, as I believe the sisters had no state aid.

HELENA LARKIN
Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

To the Editor:

. . . The most charitable interpretation I can give him is that he is, as a priest, so close to his subject that he "cannot see the forest for the trees."

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EDWARD F. MCLAUGHLIN, M.D.
Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editor:

Permit one who voluntarily resigned the Catholic priesthood, after serving its interests on three continents, to say that the Peter Whiffins are more numerous than might be suspected. But, like the one in question, it is to be noted that (1) they can only voice criticism of their caste anonymously and (2) confine it to the less important, external, and material aspect of their regime. Few understand what I know the Peter Whiffins are desirous of intimating, that there are deeper and more significant matters they would like the outside world to know — things which before and since Martin Luther have agitated the personnel of the Catholic clergy.

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LEO H. LEHMANN
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

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. . . If Father Whiffin was sincere and desired to bring about the reforms which he insists are so necessary to the welfare of the Catholic Church in America, he would have made his appeal to those who have the power to bring about these reforms. In other words, he would apply to the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church in America, and if he could not get results that way there was nothing to stop him from making his appeal directly to Rome. The proper medium for doing this would have been to publish his article in the *Ecclesiastical Review*. . . .

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ARTHUR D. MAGUIRE
Chairman, Executive Committee
Detroit Council of Catholic Organizations
Detroit, Mich.

To the Editor:

. . . In the first place the article is grossly exaggerated, and only a coward hides his identity to print anything which is somewhat questionable. True, in the Catholic Church there will be and is cause for scandal, but to make such sweeping charges without submitting any positive evidence smacks of an individual either warped mentally or in a temper, lashing out to ease his own hurt feelings.

The article itself will please some bigots of other faiths and will make some Catholics angry, but the great number of fair-minded Protestants will only be ashamed at such washing of linen in public; and most Catholics will, in charity, breathe a prayer that, should the writer actually be a priest, the good Lord will forgive him for causing such scandal. Do not misunderstand me; I know that often there is cause for rebuke to be given to members of our clergy, but such rebukes would be in better taste published in Catholic periodicals where to the best knowledge of anyone no censorship of any kind has been tolerated. . . .

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WM. F. SMALL
Mankato, Minn.

To the Editor:

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. . . He is disgruntled and misrepresents the countless thousands of self-sacrificing priests who are clothing the poor, visiting the sick, comforting the sorrowful, and performing all the other corporal works of mercy along with their priestly duties.

Peter Whiffin should take a trip up the Hudson to Garrison, visit Graymoor, see the work being done there by the charitable group of Franciscan friars and nuns under the guidance of the saintly Father James Paul Francis, S. A. . . .

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IRENE MCKINNEY
Johnstown, Pa.

To the Editor:

Peter Whiffin is right in saying that the abuse of power leads to revolution. If the Church sides with the exploiters of the masses — the masses will leave the Church and eventually destroy her. History teaches this clearly enough, but among the rulers of this world a very few only are intelligent enough to learn from history. Therefore revolutions will continue to be. The flames of burning Spanish cathedrals and monasteries serve to purge and enlighten Catholic priesthood.

However a priest should not criticize and "warn the Church" in public but should set an example and do positive and creative work among the poor. If the Church is rotten, this cannot hamper his personal religious endeavor. In fact such a situation will help him, because, the darker the sky, the brighter shine the little stars. He cannot get rich "across the tracks" but he will reap and enjoy the sincere love and admiration of his flock — and this is more than money can buy!

WM. L. FISCHER
Philadelphia, Pa.

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